

THOMAS, EARL OF ARUNDEL, AND HIS CATHOLICISM, 1585-1646

BY birth and by achievement the second Howard Earl of Arundel stands out as one of the most interesting and dignified members of his ancient and honourable race. As the son of one martyr, whose constancy has been recognized by the Church, and the father of another, he cannot be ignored by the ecclesiastical historian any more than he can be overlooked (though for other reasons) by the student of politics or of art. He was once in command of the English army as Earl Marshal, and he was several times as ambassador charged with matters of much consequence. He will be, perhaps, most highly appreciated by our art-loving age, as the first, and possibly the greatest, of noble art-collectors, worthily called "The Father of Vertu." Certainly he is a great and splendid figure.

To us Catholics he is especially noteworthy as the head of that family which, in the era since the Reformation, has been the foremost of Catholic houses, and his "headship" corresponds with the so-called Counter-Reformation, a period for us of unusual importance and expansion.

But, alas! as Catholics we cannot praise him without reserves. We cannot overlook his great act of faithlessness, when, through mistaken ideas of loyalty, he went so far as to receive the Anglican Communion, and to lapse from the external practice of his paternal faith, until (as we are now happily able to add) he was reconciled to the Church at death.

The last fact has only become known in the last few weeks, and it is especially appropriate to emphasize it now because of the recently-published *Life* of the Earl,¹ which, though published this year, appeared before the death-bed reconciliation was known; indeed, the authoress assumes throughout that no such reconciliation took place. The late Miss Mary F. S. Hervey's most excellent volume throws a flood of light on all that concerns Arundel's external activity, and especially on his achievements as a collector. The present writer

¹ *The Life, Correspondence, and Collections of Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, "the father of Vertu in England."* By Mary F. S. Hervey, Cambridge, 1921.

is proud to remember that he was able to assist in its composition by the loan of papers, gracefully acknowledged in her preface. Yet this only makes it the more incumbent upon him to consider now in some detail the bearing of the new evidence. Moreover, Miss Hervey died before her work was finished, and though some praiseworthy revision has been made, the Anglicanism of the authoress still clashes here and there with the Catholicism of the person described.

I have no intention at all of controverting any of her statements, but there is plainly room to supplement them in what regards the Catholic side of Thomas Howard's life, and a call to do so. Yet this is not quite an easy task. Since I lent my papers to Miss Hervey, she has of course had the first innings with them; and my present object is to dwell almost entirely on that side of the great Earl's life in which he comes out worst. I do not pretend that my subject is novel or glorious; but it is human and true, and, incidentally, we shall touch on topics of no little importance.

Thomas Howard was born on July 7, 1585. He was then already deprived of his father, the Ven. Philip Howard, whom the Tudor Government held a prisoner for the Faith in the Tower, only to be released by a pining death eight years later. Though the father had received some sort of promise that he should see his wife and child before the end, this was at the last moment clogged with conditions, which the martyr consistently refused. And so he died, a rich man beggared, the premier earl of England attainted, without having once seen his only son.

Yet the father's heroism did not miss its reward from God. Looking back at his descendants from that day to this, we cannot but be struck with the wonderful blessing which has been given them, that the principal surviving branch should remain Catholic. Though trials, temptations and weaknesses have occasionally broken the sequence of believers, the seceders have died off, leaving Catholics to succeed. Baby Thomas was in his way to afford the first example of this providential blessing, and his descendants to this day stand witnesses to its continuance. Young Thomas was not at first blessed by fortune. If we compare the possessions that should have been his with what he actually enjoyed, the contrast is harsh and severe. Still it would be possible to overestimate the destitution of the boy in early years. Lord Maltravers, as he was still called by courtesy, though nominally

a pauper, belonged to a family very powerful at Court, and ready to help him so far as they dared. Moreover, his mother, Lady Anne (though Queen Elizabeth disliked, robbed and persecuted her), was an heiress. There was enough to educate the boy well, not enough to spoil him in petty dissipations or amid fine company. He grew up reserved, sober in dress, serious and studious. He had the inestimable benefit of being educated by a mother, admirable for heart and head, a woman of the noblest principle. Thomas requited her affection with a tenderness which never failed. After her death he always spoke of her as "My blessed Mother," and he continued all the numerous little gifts she was wont to dispense in life.

Lady Anne was not only a good mother, she was also a religious heroine. Though divided from her martyred husband, she had encouraged and comforted him in every trial, she had also played no little part in his conversion from a loose life and the backsliding in religion which marred his first years at Court. Her chaplain tells us that her devotion to the religious well-being of her son was the care nearest her heart in her maturer years. But to give him a Catholic upbringing was a most difficult task. The Queen more than once threatened to take the child and confide him to Protestants, a tyranny often practised in those days. The mother was resolved to counter this, if need were, by a secret flight overseas, abandoning everything to the persecutor, and risking the boy's health, which was never robust, and in childhood gave rise to anxiety. But her adroitness and prudence enabled her to succeed with less drastic measures. She had begged leave to retain what we might call a little flat in Arundel House, and from thence the boy attended Westminster School by day, and she arranged that there should be those near him "who might and did" instruct him in true religion. It seems probable that he was afterwards both at Trinity College, Cambridge, and at the newly-founded Jesuit College at St. Omers, but our information is late and vague. At all events, she succeeded in bringing him up a good Catholic, and he remained so for several years of his early manhood. But of course he was constrained to be frequently present at Anglican prayers and services, and it is clear that this had a bad effect, even though it did not at once pervert him. We learn this incidentally from a word that slipped from the mother after the holy death in childhood of her

daughter, Lady Elizabeth Howard (1598): "If it were God's will, I wish the other (child) were as well gone too." We should compare this with the words of a Protestant panegyrist, Lord Arundel's not very reliable biographer, Lloyd:¹

Lord Maltravers had so much moderation as to appear constantly at our Prayers and Sermons, and so much insight into Protestant principles, as to judge the distance between the Catholick and reformed Churches grew not from their Controversies but their Interest: not from the opinions themselves; which might be compounded, but from the passions of those that managed them, which could not be reconciled.

But the Rev. David Lloyd, M.A., who wrote these lines in 1668, is an author who inspires no confidence. "A false writer, and mere scribbler," is one of the ill compliments paid him by *D.N.B.* If, as is most probable, the estimate is a creation of his fancy, it has no weight whatever. The best that we can argue for it is, that it may represent some words of the Earl in later life, purporting to be his defence against the charge of religious inconsistency. Such a defence, even if not historically accurate, would in such a case deserve attention, as the nearest approach to the truth we are likely to find on that side.

In Thomas Howard's eighteenth year Queen Elizabeth died, and the terrific oppression of the Tudor tyranny gave place to the milder but capricious despotism of the Stuarts. The regular slaughter of priests, the constant crowding of Catholics into prison, and the forfeiture of their goods, ceased for the moment, and there was a short breathing space for freedom. Special favour was shown to young Lord Maltravers and his mother, doubtless because the house of Howard had suffered so much in the cause of Mary Queen of Scots. The Lady Anne was given a seat in the only "caroche" which figured in the new King's cavalcade, as he entered the City of London; the youthful Howard was given the first place among the Earls, though the attainder against him was not yet reversed nor his title restored. He also bore the King's train into the Parliament House four days later.²

After this auspicious commencement, Lord Maltravers was

¹ Miss Hervey, p. 16, quoting David Lloyd, *Memoirs of Persons that suffered* . . . 1677, p. 284.

² Father Rivers' Letters in Foley, *Records* i. 59, not cited by Miss Hervey.

soon confirmed in the Earldom of Arundel, and was well launched in his career at Court. The disaster of the Powder Plot might have had serious consequences, for the plotters had a plan for keeping him away from the scene of the proposed explosion. But as that plan was to wound him lightly, it was easily believed that he had nothing to do with the plot itself, and there was evidence that he had been "eager" to take his place in the threatened Hall.

At this very time his spiritual, as well as his temporal, prospects were admirably stabilized by a happy Catholic marriage with Lady Alethea Talbot, eventually the sole heiress of the wealthy Gilbert, eighth Earl of Shrewsbury. It was her large fortune which in time made up for the past forfeitures, and once more made the Howards of Arundel one of the wealthiest among the English nobility. With her husband Lady Alethea (familiarily "Alathy") seems never to have had a moment of discord; she bore him six boys and a daughter (most of whom, however, died during her lifetime), and it was only after the death of her husband, and amid the prolonged distress of the civil war, that divisions ensued over the distribution of the much-shortened family income. She has been pictured with her family by Rubens, Van Dyck, Mytens, Fruytiers, and others, and the extant correspondence of the time shows the family union to have been even more intimate than it was painted. She was also a Catholic, and a devoted daughter to the Dowager Lady Anne. She was, however, a courtier like her husband, and I fear could not compare in firmness of principle with her more noteworthy mother-in-law. I do not, however, know of any tergiversations, though I suspect that she afterwards went too far in condoning her husband's backslidings.

The birth of an eldest son, in June, 1607, afforded unfortunately the first-known occasion for a serious lapse in Catholic observance. The King and Queen offered to stand godparents, and, though the Queen was really a Catholic, this proved an occasion for a baptism by a Protestant minister. The details are not known. It was not an act of apostasy, and it was enforced by the law under heavy penalties. Catholics sometimes by bribes prevailed on the parsons to register their children as if they had baptized them, but it is to be feared that Catholics, under pressure, did sometimes conform in this point, for the names of Catholic children are not infrequent in Protestant baptismal

registers. On the other hand, Panzani's report to Rome, on the state of the English Catholics in 1637, states that: "As far as the matter and form of baptism are concerned, thanks to God's particular providence, there is no abuse, though some make no scruple of allowing heretic godfathers." On the whole then, we must say the young Earl, though he had some bad example, was nevertheless without any valid excuse, even that of *error communis*, and the same delinquency was repeated a year or so later at the christening of the second son.

During the ensuing quinquennium I do not find anything recorded of Lord Arundel's religious actions, which, so far as it goes, should make a favourable impression.

In 1612, however, he is said, in a news-letter, to have been present at Tyburn during the martyrdom of two venerable Catholic priests, William Scott, O.S.B., and Robert Newport, but why he went, or what he did there, is not stated. Miss Hervey appears to think that he went out of sympathy or devotion. Let us hope it was so. Possibly, however, he was labouring under the same illusion regarding their *causa mortis* as his biographer, and went to support the King's side. It is, however, an error to say, as Miss Hervey does, doubtless following some Protestant contemporary, that they were executed because they had returned after banishment. The indictment, which is extant at the Guildhall, shows that they were charged with nothing beyond being priests, a mortal offence according to the laws then in force.

We next come to a phase in the Earl's life which does not at first sight seem to be closely connected with religion, and yet probably was so. He had a remarkable love for living abroad, preferably in Italy, and even in Rome. He was at this period suffering from ill-health, and was thought to be consumptive, whereupon his doctors ordered him abroad. In modern times nothing would seem more natural. But in those days a jealous paternal Government did not look with favour on subjects absenting themselves from the supervision of its authority; and there was now a large section of the people, who conceived that any near approach to the Scarlet Woman was a certain prognostic of religious depravity. Under these circumstances Lord Arundel obtained a license to travel for six months, from the summer of 1612, and betook himself first to Spa, and then to Padua, returning in February, 1613. The following year he did the same thing, taking his wife with him, and extending his journey to Rome, with excursions even to Naples.

So far as the evidence as yet before us goes, the motive for these journeys was love of art, the pursuit of health, the purchase of pictures, and visiting cities and sites of ancient renown. There appears as yet no sign of his having attended any Catholic service or shown any intimacy or friendliness with Catholics as such. He was always attended by Protestant servants. On the other hand he was always enthusiastically welcomed by the Catholic civic and municipal authorities. Later on, in 1636, Charles I. sent him as ambassador to the Emperor, and then he had *ex officio* to be more demonstrative in his civilities to the Church in so far as it entered into the life of the State. He was then several times entertained at Jesuit colleges, and was given the honours due to the son of a mother who was a notable benefactress to the Society.

No doubt there are other details in the picture which are not yet brought to light; but I cannot distinguish in it as yet any clear indication of his religious beliefs. I should quite agree, however, that this companionship with Catholics abroad would have a good effect on his mind, and act to some extent as a preservative from the acrid anti-Catholic fanaticism which poisoned everything at home in England.

In November, 1614, his progress as a courtier was continued unabated, and his achievements as a collector became even more splendid and admirable. King James was preparing to trust him with even higher office, when he proposed to him as a test that he should receive the Anglican Sacrament in the Chapel Royal on Christmas Day, 1616, and Lord Arundel miserably accepted the test, and performed what he must have known to be a great offence against God. The details which we should like to know are wanting. We have, however, several quotations from contemporary Protestant letters cited by Miss Hervey, and we have also the account penned by his mother's chaplain. We will quote this first:

He did remain in the Catholick Religion till partly through fear, partly through desire of favour with the *King* (meeting also with some bad Counsellors) he accommodated himself by degrees to the times much more than he ought to have done, to the incredible grief of his good Mother . . . who a little before her death wrote to him a letter all in her own hand.

This letter, written in 1630, is printed in full in her *Life*. After a most affectionate appeal to him to think seriously over his present state, she goes on to hope

that you will speedily return to that safe harbour of God, his holy Catholick Church, out of which . . . none, that is not wholly ignorant, can prudently expect salvation.

She does not mince her words in speaking of his lapse. She does not attempt to argue, or to persuade, nor does she say that he has joined any different confession of faith,—she only speaks of his having failed "by the course you have followed now for many years." If he is now no longer in the Church, the serious consideration of his present state will be enough to make him seek reconciliation. The motives for the fall, according to the chaplain, were fear, hopes of further favour, and bad counsellors.

Miss Hervey quotes from four Protestant letter-writers. One says: "He detested the abuses of the Papists"; another that he was "sharp against the Papists"; a third that the act was "in detestation of Pope and all poperie"; the last says: "There is no doubt he is as firmly settled in our religion as may be wished." It is clear from this that Arundel coupled his act of infidelity with some abuse of the Pope and of Popery. But the reason for the outburst remains unknown. It was soon followed by others of a like character. Three months later he had a new chapel in his Greenwich house consecrated by the Anglican Bishop of Rochester, and in due time he appointed an Anglican as tutor to his sons. This means that he had Anglican service in his house, and abandoned all provision for his children's faith. I cannot see how any of these actions can escape the severest condemnation.

But there are circumstances which perhaps plead for mitigation and help us to understand the sequel.

1. We may notice, in the first place, that there is no formal renunciation of the Faith. Lord Arundel seems to be acting on what is after all the Anglican theory, that every born Englishman is also born a member of the Church of England. There is no need to be reconciled to her. Miss Hervey's words, that he "joined" the Church of England, though true in a certain sense, are liable to misconception.

2. While three out of the four Protestant witnesses speak of bitterness shown at this moment against the Pope and Popery, we know that this at all events did not last. The Papal agents to Henrietta Maria, in later years, describe him as very friendly, and taking pleasure in prolonged conversa-

tion, which however generally turned on neutral subjects, especially on art.

3. I have also found his name as a trustee for a Catholic charity of the time. This shows that Catholics confided in his friendliness during times of persecution. A trusteeship was no mere formality in those days; it might involve very onerous duties.

4. Finally, only four years after the Anglican Communion, we find Lando, the Venetian Ambassador, saying that "*every one knows the Earl to be a Catholic*, and that he goes to Protestant service by Papal permission." This, of course, cannot be true; but still, a rumour accepted by a Venetian Ambassador will not have been merely frivolous. From this time such rumours continue unbroken so far as we know. They are reported by Conn and Panzani, the Papal agents of 1636, 1638, in company with whom he negotiated for the liberation of the Catholics from the annoyances of the pursuivants.

5. There does not seem to have been any notable event in 1616 which might account for the anti-Papal speeches of the Earl. This makes conjecture as to his reason hazardous. But if one is asked for, I would suggest James's Oath of Allegiance. Owing to the temper of the times, only too prone to exaggerate the sovereign's rights, and to the prevalence of Gallicanism, this condemned oath proved a sore temptation to Catholics, and we hear later from Conn that the Countess Alethea was a defender of it. It is therefore highly probable that the Earl was also on that side, and might have taken umbrage at some condemnation of that formula.

6. The character of King James, too, must not be left out of account. He had indeed accommodated himself to the Kirk in Scotland, and to Anglicanism when on the English throne. Nevertheless, both in Scotland and also in England, he had been very insistent on the Catholics in his entourage conforming to circumstances as he had done. He had also prevailed with many, especially with the three Catholic Earls in Scotland, and with his Catholic wife to a large extent, as we shall see. That the Communion was taken in the King's Chapel, that Arundel was animated by "desire of favour with the *King*," is very significant.

From the events which now follow there is little to be learned about Lord Arundel's religious convictions. Though

immediately after his unworthy act of deference to the King he was well rewarded with posts of honour, his progress at Court then seemed to slacken down with the rise of new favourites; with the coming of Buckingham his influence retrograded. Though he was friendly with the Spaniards, whose importance under Gondomar began at this time, I have not yet seen any references to his religion in their reports. Still I strongly suspect that there are such comments, and that they will be found when the dispatches are made more accessible than they are now. The same may be said of the long and well-documented negotiations for the Spanish and French matches, as well as of those which concerned Dr. Richard Smith, Bishop of Chalcedon.

At this point we may notice the obituaries of certain persons who could not but exert influence upon our Earl.

1. The first of these (June 15, 1614) was the very enigmatic Lord Henry Howard, Earl of Nottingham, Arundel's grand-uncle, distrusted by Elizabeth, a favourite with James. Though reputed a Papist by all the fanatics, he seems to have taken every test imposed by the Protestants, and he even presided over and passed judgment in the court which condemned Father Garnet to what was most probably a martyr's death. In his last will he declared that he died "a member of the Catholic and Apostolic Church, saying with Jerome, *in qua fide natus fui, in eadem senex morior.*" But though the words seem to be orthodox, they equally admit of a non-Catholic interpretation. Sir Sidney Lee, indeed, thinks that there is little doubt that "he lived and died a Roman Catholic." But while it is true that, if he had any religion at all, it was perhaps Catholicism; still, the greater probability seems to be that he had lost all firmness of belief.

2. Let the next obit be that of Queen Anne (1619), in whose circle Arundel moved for so long. She was certainly a Catholic for years, and yet in her case, too, King James succeeded in enforcing an occasional conformity even till death, though in secret she also showed her preference for Catholicism, even till the end. God alone can judge a case like this.

3. On July 23, 1623, died Arundel's eldest son, James Lord Maltravers, suddenly carried off by smallpox in Ghent. As an infant and small child he had been in the charge of his good grandmother, Lady Anne, and was now *inter pontem et fontem* to receive the benefit of her early solicitude and

continued charity. For that rare old priest, Father John Gerard, of Bryn, S.J., was living in that very town on the alms provided by the old Countess, and he hurried to the bedside, despite the infection. Here he found the dying boy (who, as we have heard, had been handed over to a Protestant tutor) had entirely forgotten the impressions of infancy, and only retained the lessons of the heretic. But with the grace of God, the well-sown seed soon revived, and the old missionary had the consolation of reconciling him to the Church before death.

4. On April 19, 1630, the old Countess herself died a most religious death, her son having left all his duties at Court to visit her. Arundel's affection for her has already been mentioned, and her most tender and dignified letter of persuasion to him, urging the reconsideration of his position has also been quoted.

I do not think that any of these deaths failed to make their impression on the generous, well-balanced mind of the Earl of Arundel, but they did not bring about his conversion.

Arundel's last service to the State was presiding at the trial of the Earl of Stafford, which he endeavoured, but in vain, to avoid. With the outbreak of the Civil War his circumstances altered greatly. He was too old for campaigning, Charles sent him abroad to escort his Queen, and he gradually retired to Utrecht, thence to Padua, and there passed his remaining years. We hear little of the religious question, nor is that little quite favourable. His grandson Philip, who, though brought up by the Earl and sent to Cambridge, had remained a Catholic, was coming to join him, when he rather suddenly felt a vocation to join the Dominican Order. This did not at all commend itself to the old Earl, who wrote to the Pope and to several Cardinals protesting. The upshot was that the vocation was very thoroughly tested, and found to be true and steady. Several letters from the Roman dignitaries to the Earl are extant on this subject. They are most honorific, but also quite firm, and the subsequent career of Cardinal Howard fully justified that firmness. On the Earl's practice of religion, however, the letters throw no light; but they show as before that he was then as always intimate and friendly, and always sincerely respected.

Nevertheless, the immense humiliations which the Civil War brought on all courtiers had their salutary effect upon

him, as on so many others, but that effect was slow, quiet, externally unmarked. There was no external sign that death, when it came (September 24, 1646), had found him a changed man. There was not a word about Catholicity in his will or in the inscription prepared for his tomb. His heart and *viscera* were buried in the cloisters of Padua, and his body was returned to Arundel, and his Italian friends still thought of him as a *Protestante*, with nothing more than good intentions to Catholicism. But after nearly three months, private news came back from the English Jesuits, that he had in fact been reconciled to the Church before death.

Though this letter has perished with all its precious details, the answer, which was registered,¹ has survived. It was found the other day by my collaborator, Father P. Ryan, and may now be read in the *Literary Supplement to The Times* for July 21, 1921. The writer, the Jesuit Father General, Vincenzo Caraffa, is addressing Father Henry Silesden, whose true name was Bedingfeld, and he says:

I rejoice greatly to hear that the Earl died in the bosom of the Catholic Church. Moreover, as I am not ignorant of the merits of that noble family towards our humble order, I will gladly apply to the relief of his soul a thousand masses and as many rosaries. I pray and beg Our Lord *Jesus*, that he would approve from heaven of these our suffrages, and if anything still remains to be atoned for, may He with His blood blot it out. . . . [From Rome] 22 December [1646].

And so the Earl passes out of our sight, with the blessing of the Church and the abundant suffrages of the Faithful. There is no question that this last scene contains a revelation on one aspect in his character, which it was otherwise impossible to determine accurately. The rumours recorded independently by Panzani and Lando, about his being a secret Catholic, could not be exact as they stood, and were of quite uncertain value when judged by the light of his actual life. But in view of the death-bed scene we see that they meant he was a Catholic at heart, who would probably be converted when circumstances were favourable.

Even if we had not now quite unexceptionable evidence for the Catholicity of the Earl's last moments, we should

¹ *Anglia, Epistola Generalium*, 1642—1698, fol. 82. In the margin, *Suffragia pro Comite Arundel*.

still have a strong presumption for his Catholicizing tendency, in the remarkable way in which that religion was fostered in the bosom of the family, in which he bore such decisive influence. His wife was an open Catholic. So was the second surviving son, the future martyr, Lord William Viscount Stafford. The eldest surviving son and heir, Henry Frederick, was, alas, heir also to the father's Anglicanism and no credit to any of his virtues, except to his courage. But, on the other hand, Henry Frederick's children, Henry, Philip and Francis, who are said to have been brought up under their grandfather, were all far more open and decided Catholics than any of the preceding generation. Francis, Philip's brother, followed him into the Dominican Order, and two Howard cousins became nuns. Not only then may we feel sure that there was a strong Catholic influence within the Howard family at this time, but it seems equally probable that the head of the family was closely allied to that influence.

That the death-bed conversion should have been kept a secret will cause no wonder considering the circumstances of the time. Henry Frederick, the Protestantizing son (supposing that he knew of it), would have been most unwilling that it should be known. The news would have greatly annoyed the Puritans, and made difficulties for the inheritance. Even William, Lord Stafford, who would probably have been told, says nothing on the point in the eulogy he composed after his father's death, now printed for the first time by Miss Hervey. It is indeed quite a noteworthy composition so far as it goes, but like other commendations of the dead, it makes little attempt to be historical, none to be critical or exhaustive. Its one object is to honour the deceased, to soothe the grief of the mourners, to avoid what might cause comment or controversy. His religion is therefore never mentioned, either in life or in death. Though a good deal of the paper is now missing, we have the place where the Anglican Communion of 1616 should have been mentioned, and there is absolutely no sort of reference to it. Of the death scene he writes after the fashion of the seventeenth-century eulogist:¹

¹ Hervey, p. 469. In the introductory epistle, Stafford suggests that his composition "may serve as a ground work, on which an able pen may most fitly be employed," p. 462. This may account for the crudeness of the writer's style.

After twenty days sickness, he left this world full of miseries to enjoy a Glorious crown in heaven with extraordinary great piety and edification to all that were with him, leaving behind him his memory as much honoured as ever any man did, for one that was as full of honour as ever man was.

It is quite possible that the writer of these words was aware of the conversion; but it is certain that we cannot distinguish any message to that effect in his words. Perhaps he would have said that no one should have expected from him a public statement on such a subject. I think his mother would have said so too. So perhaps we ought to be content to let the veil hang, as it does. It is much to know in general that all ended well.

J. H. POLLEN.

The Burden of Armaments: "The oftener I go to Europe the longer I remain there, and the more I study the political condition of its people the more I return home filled with greater consideration for our country and more profoundly gratified that I am an American citizen. When I contemplate the standing armies of over 1,000,000 soldiers in each of the principal countries of Europe, when I consider what an enormous drain these armies are upon the resources of a country and what a frightful source of immorality; when I consider that they are a constant menace to their neighbours and an incentive to war, and when I consider that the subject of war engages so much of the attention of the Cabinets of Europe; and when, on the other hand, I look at our own country, with its 55,000,000 of inhabitants and its little army of 25,000 men scattered along our frontiers, so that we might travel from Maine to California without meeting a soldier or a gendarme; and when I consider that, if need be, every citizen is a soldier without being confined to barracks, and is ready to defend and to die for his country . . . I bless God for the favours He has vouchsafed us, and I pray that He may continue to hold over us the mantle of His protection."—*Cardinal Gibbons in 1883.*

BATTLE

II.

(Concluded.)

TO the infinite variety of shot and shell was usually added the horror of Gas. At first one was tempted to treat this menace with a certain contempt, especially after we had exchanged our P.H. helmets—damp, suffocating jelly-bags—for the perfect security and comparative comfort of the "Small Box Respirator," colloquially known as the "Gaspirator."

Gas-shells, besides, were very deceptive. Their approach was signalled by the usual rising scream, which, however, ended in nothing more aggressive than a muffled "*Phutt!*" like a damp squib. One said, "A dud!": but soon a stealthy redolence of heliotrope, or of mustard, or a more elusive scent which I can only compare to the flavour of an old-fashioned comfit known as a "pear-drop," crept upon one's senses, and each one jumped for his mask. The first scent denoted tear-gas, harmless except for its effects upon one's eyes, which soon streamed with tears and closed helplessly; the second was the sign of the corrosive "mustard-gas," which blinded one's eyes, rasped one's throat and lungs, raised disgusting blebs on one's skin, and affected the action of one's heart; the third was the deadly phosgene, one full inspiration of which meant a lingering death of unspeakable torment through oedema of the lungs. It was with gas as with all the other *tormenta bellica*: the more one saw of it the less one became used to it.

My first real experience of gas was at Ypres. We were moving up into the Line at night along one of the cross-country tracks, and an unpleasant journey we made of it. We had a number of casualties (some of our guides among them) from the "harassing fire," which was the common feature of night work, and a house burning by the Lille Gate was of no assistance to us in concealing our movements from the enemy. We were almost abreast of the house when the gas reached us. At once we put on our masks, but we were hot and perspiring with our laborious tramp, the eyepieces immediately became clouded and opaque, and the nose-clips

slipped from their hold. The track was narrow: someone bumped against me: a voice (I learnt afterwards it was my batman's) bellowed hoarsely in my ear, "I'm going to faint!" and as I turned to clutch at him I took one step too many and dived heavily into a deep shell-hole. By the time that I had scrambled out again the company had gone on, and I was alone with my thoughts. I could not see an inch before me: my nose-clip had apparently lost itself, and the rubber mask alternately bellied out balloon-wise in front of me or collapsed adhesively on my face. I fell again, as I thought, into a whole series of shell-holes, but when finally, in desperation, I tore off my mask, I found that actually I had been circling round and round, and at intervals plunging into, the original hole with which my misfortunes had commenced. The gas had cleared off by now, and I was shortly afterwards found and guided up to our destination by the M.O., who had missed me on arrival and had most gallantly returned to bring in my remains.

On the next serious occasion, on the Somme, I had to wear my mask for five consecutive hours, and I was gassed (to the tune of four months in Blighty) *after* I took it off. Those were five agonizing hours. My mask was just a shade too small for me, and the pressure of the band round my temples was almost unendurable. Besides that, the effect of the chemicals in the filter of the respirator is to make the air that one inhales unnaturally dry, and one of the consequences of that is to cause vomiting. In that particular attack the casualties included, besides myself, the M.O. and his entire staff, five other officers, and almost the whole of one company.

I am not in a position to speak as to the efficiency of the Ayrton Fan, about which there has been lately a somewhat voluminous correspondence in *The Times*, since I saw the instrument not more than two or three times during the whole of my experience at the Front, and on each occasion it was "lying spare" in the corner of a dug-out. The Adjutant once gave us a private demonstration of the manner in which the thing should be used, but without, I think, arousing much enthusiasm for it. Fires were found to be a simple and perfectly satisfactory means of clearing dug-outs, and I do not believe that the men would have seen the humour of adding yet another "gadget" to their already formidable burdens. Anyhow, there is something irresistibly Gilbertian in the idea of troops going into action carrying fans.

In their way, and on suitable ground, the Tanks must, I suppose, have presented to the enemy much the same sort of problem that their pill-boxes afforded to us. I say on suitable ground: for where, as at Ypres, it was specially soft and wet—one found water at two feet, and trenches had largely to be replaced by breastworks—the Tank was almost useless. The country between the Zonnebeke and the Menin Roads, and especially round Hooge, was littered with their shattered hulls. But on the Somme and on the Arras front, and particularly after the introduction of the fast-moving Whippet, they were triumphant. The Germans never succeeded in copying them satisfactorily. In their anxiety to protect the driving bands, the most vulnerable part of the machine, they provided them with cumbrous steel skirts, which in the event of the huge vehicle being ditched, lifted the band on the lower side clear of the ground and made it powerless to work its way out.

The sight of a Tank in action was a thing to remember. Crawling imperturbably along like a monstrous slug: pausing with a ludicrous air of reflection on the edge of a trench or shell-hole before dipping its blunt head to the descent: crunching with Olympian serenity over wire and parapet and concrete emplacement: emerging blandly from the smoke and whirling destruction of a dozen shells for all the world like an absent-minded professor momentarily disturbed in the midst of a soliloquy, and murmuring, "Let me see: what was I saying?"

There was always something obscurely comic about the Tanks, but they could be annoying even to ourselves. As, for instance, during a short breathing space in the middle of a great battle, when our peace and relative security in a sunken road was broken into by a Tank, which came clucking and chuckling into our midst and immediately drew upon us a devastating fire from the observant enemy. I once spent an hour in a Tank (not under fire, however). I was never in the same position for two consecutive seconds as we plunged and wallowed in and out of trenches and ditches, up and down embankments, and through or over dykes, in an atmosphere of oil and boiling water and unbelievable uproar. But, for all her incoherent appearance—half brontosaurus, half old woman—the Tank is an awe-inspiring, panic-raising, engine of war. The horror-struck Germans, upon whom the first of her species descended, may well have imagined that

the dumb spirit of machinery, so long the hapless servant of man, had at last risen in rebellion against him and was now coming to avenge itself upon its tyrant.

My place in action was always with the M.O. He was a man who, I suppose, had no greater love for shells and bullets than the rest of us. But he held the very sound theory that the doctor should go where he felt himself to be most needed: that is, as close up to the fighting as he could get—and sometimes in the midst of it. In the battle of Arras, for instance, we were at one time in front of part of the line, and at no time more than a few hundred yards behind it, with the result that each day the field was cleared of our wounded long before the neighbouring units had finished their work. To his coolness and intrepidity, and his single-minded devotion to duty, many a sorely wounded man, who might otherwise have died from exposure, owes his life to-day.

During this battle we shared a rather unpleasant experience. It was the third day of the advance. We were half in and half out of Monchy, which was offering a desperate resistance. The M.O. and I, and his sergeant—one of the best: he wears the Military Medal and Bar, and the D.C.M.—had come miraculously through an intense barrage on Orange Hill and in Happy Valley, and had reached the top of the ridge on which the little town stands, when the attentions of snipers drove us to shelter in a shell-hole in which there were already some half-dozen men. It was deep and roomy, and we were quite safe for the time. But the enemy machine-guns were searching the ridge with deadly thoroughness, and the bullets streamed over our refuge so low that they sometimes clipped the edges. We were shut in as by a lid. Meanwhile the enemy shortened his barrage. Shells in ever-increasing numbers began to pitch all about us. When you are actually inside a shell-hole, under fire, there is small comfort in remembering the common saying (which, anyway, is altogether false) that no shell ever lands just where another has been before it; and it rapidly became a matter of the first importance to us to move our quarters. The alternatives were not attractive. Either to be drilled through and through in fifty places as we emerged from the hole, or else to remain in it and presently be blown into a thousand fragments. We made our choice, however, and came out in twos at short intervals: and though we had to cross a naked hundred yards or so to the bank for which we were aiming,

and the firing had in no way abated, we did not suffer a single casualty. Instead, of the three who elected to remain behind, one had his thigh smashed and died later in the Field Ambulance, and another lost his arm.

Quite as unpleasant, I think, was a midnight walk which we took together at the end of the first day of this same battle. So overwhelming had been our success on that day that the enemy was completely broken and demoralized, and from the evening when we established ourselves in our furthest objective until the dawn of the third day when we assaulted Monchy, he left us almost entirely in peace. Late in the first night, however, word was brought to us that one of our officers was lying seriously wounded some distance along the line, and we set out to attend to him. It had snowed heavily during the evening, and now a bright moon was shining. If the enemy's guns were silent his snipers, at any rate, were active, tap-tapping in the ghostly silence like some tireless carpenter hammering in unnumbered nails. At every step there was the dry *s-s-s-s*, or the thin, mosquito-like whine of flitting bullets, for which our figures, black against the glittering snow, offered a perfectly ideal target. At one point of our journey our guide interested us very much by informing us that three men who had been walking along the top, as we were then forced to do, had been killed there by snipers that evening. But our most imminent danger was from our own sentries, to whom the sudden appearance of a little knot of black figures stealing silently towards them must have been highly disquieting, and who were notoriously disinclined to stand upon ceremony in such circumstances. A single movement before the challenge "Halt! Who goes there?" had been satisfactorily answered would have justified any one of them in firing at once, at a range, too, at which it would have been impossible to miss. Nor were our anxieties at an end when we reached our destination, for the return journey was still to make, and under precisely similar conditions.

During the retreat of March, 1918, we lay one night in a steep and narrow valley. We had no artillery to support us: both our flanks were open: the enemy was advancing swiftly upon us in great strength: as we lay we could hear the rattle of his transport and the whistle calls of his officers. We hardly hoped for anything better than a quick death, and we had a shrewd suspicion that we were being sacrificed to gain time. But I do not know that I, at least, felt more

uneasy then than during that midnight trudge on aching, sodden feet over the moon-lit snow, with an alert and cat-eyed enemy close by on one side and suspicious friends on the other. The sensation was repeated two days later, when, as we huddled away from the withering east wind, in a very inadequate cubby-hole near Monchy, our artillery liaison-officer crawled in to tell us that the Boche was massing for a counter-attack, and that he could not get in touch with the guns.

I suppose that no two persons who have had battle experience would give the same account of their feelings under fire. For myself, I had a positive conviction that I should not be killed, and after the first few minutes of acute discomfort, I was always sensible of an impression of security—amounting almost to indifference—in the midst of even the fiercest fire, which I do not for a moment ascribe to any particular nerve, but rather to a sort of moral or mental anaesthesia induced by the incommensurability of myself and my surroundings. One felt as an ant might be supposed to feel in the midst of an earthquake: involved in a cataclysm so mighty as to surpass intelligence, stunned and deafened by it, but safe, and aware that one was safe, because of one's individual insignificance. I was once knocked flying by the concussion of a shell, and another time I was flung clean through a doorway by the same agency. But in neither case did I appreciate the obvious inference that if a shell can miss its mark by such a fraction, it can also hit it. I believe the incident only strengthened my conviction that it would not.

When all is said and done, the truth remains that in modern war, at least, the course of battle runs so variously that it is nearly impossible to present a general picture of an engagement which will serve for a universal type of all.

Arras was a great victory, following in all essentials the lines of its well-conceived plan. It would fit neatly into a page of a text-book. The third Ypres, begun with such high hopes and with such a certainty of sweeping success, was drowned in water and mud on the first day, and broke up later into a nine-weeks succession of desperate battles fought in the face of indescribable obstacles and against all the canons of military prudence, and victorious at a frightful cost in spite of all the proved laws of probability. The historian of the future will be as hard pressed to describe as to explain (or to justify) it.

The Somme may be described as a six-months battle, swaying hither and thither, dying down here only to flare up again there, and studded with epic achievements such as the rout of the Prussian Guard at Contalmaison, or the capture of an entire battalion-headquarters and several hundred men by a single officer of the Seaforths, at Beaumont Hamel.

The gigantic German effort of March and April, 1918, again presents us with a well-nigh incredible picture of victory snatched from assured defeat, and of overwhelming disaster avoided by less than a hairbreadth: and this not once only, but again and again. It is within my experience of that time to have seen a Brigade reduced to one man, and a Division to less than two hundred. My own battalion was at one time completely cut off, for half a day, from all communication with Brigade: and that night we fought ten times our number of enemies by the light of one of our own burning Tanks. We retreated, it is true, but not for another twenty-four hours, and when we went we took with us twelve captured machine-guns and over eighty prisoners. Three days later we lay facing the enemy across a narrow stream which a child could have forded in twenty places. But with all his exuberant resources he never crossed it. His next move was back again, over his own tracks, four months later.

Many breathless incidents have bitten the memory of those whirlwind days into my mind. My flesh still creeps at the recollection of our advance, one sunny afternoon, down a grassy slope in full view of the enemy batteries, which opened on us at little more than point-blank range. Men were flung, dismembered, high into the air, and the whole earth seemed to rise and throw itself upon us. For weeks we held a wood where our enemy lay, in places, almost within arm's length of us; going in and out as we were relieved, across a valley which was continually swept by his enfilading fire. But he never got through.

When, towards the end of September, 1918, we attacked for what proved to be the last time in front of Ypres, we accomplished in hours the very tasks which, the year before, had consumed days and weeks and had cost an appalling loss of life. But we were fighting a broken, disillusioned enemy: and for all the admirable skill with which he covered his retreat, we hustled him swiftly and relentlessly from position to position, from town to town, and across hills and rivers and woods to the unparalleled *débâcle* of November the Eleventh.

Battle had a new meaning for us all then. The "will to go forward" and the "skill to go forward" became one and the same thing. There was death and there were wounds, cold, wet, fatigue, dirt, and discomfort. But, transfiguring all, reconciling us to everything, was now the certainty of victory, the sensation of assured success, and above all the vision, growing daily bigger and brighter, of that ardently-desired consummation—for so long a despairing, insubstantial mirage—the End of the War.

R. H. J. STEUART.

Christ is God: "There was a question asked more than once by a most eminent Victorian [Newman], and he had reasons to believe that it had been asked by Napoleon as it was also asked by Lacordaire. He had in mind one Name, the Name of One who lived in obscurity and died a malefactor's death. Since then centuries on centuries have passed, but still it has its hold upon the mind. It maintains, among the vicissitudes of dynasties, the rise and fall of empires, the changes of civilization, in Europe's failure and success, its reign over the rudest and the most cultivated intellects, over the most backward and the most advanced nations. Millions of souls are conversing with Him, are venturing on His word, are looking for His presence. Palaces, sumptuous, innumerable, are raised in His honour; His image, as in the hour of His deepest humiliation, is triumphantly displayed in the proud city, the open country, on the corners of streets, on the tops of mountains. It sanctifies the ancestral hall, the closet, and the bedchamber; it is the subject for the exercise of the highest genius in the imitative arts. It is worn next the heart in life, it is held before the failing eyes in death. Here then is One Who is not a mere name, Who is *not* a mere fiction, Who is a Reality. He is dead and gone but still He lives—lives as a living energetic thought of successive generations, as the awful motive-power of a thousand great events. He has done without effort what others with lifelong struggles have not done. Can He be less than divine? Who is He but the Creator Himself Who is Sovereign over His own works, towards Whom our eyes and hearts turn instinctively because He is our Father and our God."—*R. Sencourt in "Purse and Politics," pp. 242-3.*

THE PERFECT EUGENIC STATE

"The savage knows a cavern and the peasants keep a plot,
Of all the things that men have had—lo! we have them not.
Not a scrap of earth where ants could lay their eggs—
Only this poor lump of earth that walks about on legs—
Only this poor wandering mansion, only these two walking trees,
Only hands and hearts and stomachs—what have you to do with these?"

The Song of the Wheels. G. K. Chesterton.

IN the heart of man is a desire to possess property and freedom: and to enjoy the one he must have the other. Of all philosophies and religions that endanger the soul the most monstrous is that which advocates as a means to happiness the abolition of property and freedom. To-day there are thousands of unhappy people who lack these essentials of well-being; and much of our social reform is immoral, not because it interferes with individual liberty, but because it distracts attention from the true roots of those evils against which it is directed. For example, it is wrong to remove a feeble-minded child to an institution and to leave untouched the ghastly social system that makes children feeble minded. It were better to leave that child in its home, as there the sight might soften the heart of Dives, or rouse a people to action. Our present condition is indeed pitiable. On the one hand are communists and socialists who would abolish all right of ownership to private property; and on the other, the Servile State, wherein is loud talk of control, of segregation, and of eliminating the unfit. Meanwhile the Pretorian Guard maintains order in the streets. And yet, unless the hearts of men are changed and they return to the Faith that is Europe, out of this State made Servile by Atheism, there may yet be born a pagan Commune, "dark with the dismal anarchy of dreams, where everything is false, and therefore free." It is of this Thing that I write.

Mr. Smith, better known in State records as H.99/Hampstead—this being also the address of the house in which he lived—entered the breakfast-room at 4 a.m., punctual to a second. With its white-painted walls, rounded cornices, tiled floor, and windows wide open to the fresh but cold morning breeze, the room was in perfect taste hygienically. It was furnished with a table and four chairs, fashioned out of angle-

iron enamelled white, and the only attempt at mural decorative art was a genuine photogravure of Mr. Sidney Webb. On the wall beside the door was a Time-Recorder, and as Smith pressed the button bearing his number, a bell rang and a red light, then a white light, appeared for a second. By these signs Smith knew that the time of his arrival was duly recorded at the Bureau of Industry. His comrade, on festive occasions called Mrs. Smith, and their two children, Henry aged 21 and Jane aged 17, were already standing round the table. Without more ado Smith took his place at the end of the table, and in a loud, clear voice read the Act of Parliament for the day.

As it happened to be Chromosome, the 73rd day of the month Electron in the year of the Communist State 142, the appropriate Act had reference to the necessity for and value of deep breathing exercises, in which the whole family afterwards engaged. Refreshed by these gymnastics they sat down to eat. No meat was on the glass-topped table, but there was a liberal supply of congealed carbohydrate and a large flagon of sterile distilled water. The dress of the household was uniform in type, no distinction being made between the sexes, but the married were to be distinguished from the unmarried by means of a yellow patch stamped with the Government Arms, two broad arrows rampant; and this was worn by Mr. and Mrs. Smith on the left shoulder of their tunics. Glancing round the healthy table Smith inquired with a smile, "All well?" and to this salutation each in turn replied, "All correct."

"I know someone who isn't well," said Henry.

"Indeed?" asked his father.

"Yes, 58 Pancras—old Jones you know—was taken off yesterday: his family haven't had a report yet."

For a moment there was silence. "Come, come," said Smith, hurriedly, "we must keep cheerful"; and he hastened to open a Government envelope. Having read the contents he turned to his son in righteous indignation—"Henry, I am pained to learn from this letter, sent by the Ministry of Eugenics, that you have been holding conversations with a girl in the next street without sanction of the Ministry, and worse than that, there's a statement from the Secret Search Commission that a copy of Shakespeare's Sonnets was found hidden under your bed. You know very well, Sir, that all poetry is on the State Index Expurgatorius, and that possession of any love poetry is a felony."

"Poetry," exclaimed Mrs. Smith, shuddering.

"The whole thing is a very grave and serious reflection on me," added his father.

"Well, that's got nothing to do with me as a Unit," replied Henry.

"It has indeed, Sir, as you'll soon find out. My defence is clear. Only last Rest Day I read aloud the Laws and Appendices of the Ministry of Eugenics, whereby such actions are proscribed."

"I'm very sorry, Smith," said his son, "but I wanted to know how they managed in ancient days when a Unit chose his own comrade—sweethearts I think they called them."

"Great State," moaned Mrs. Smith.

"Well, well, Mrs. Smith," said Smith wearily, "boys will be boys."

"Cease," shouted Mrs. Smith, "don't Mrs. Smith me. I'm H/99a Hampstead, and boys are not boys, nor are girls. They're undeveloped Units with insane delusions—the vestigial taint of Christian times. My poor dear mother at least taught me the Acts of Parliament," and she sobbed bitterly.

"But," protested Smith, "both our children were at the State Asylum and released cured. Surely this conversation is treason."

"Both these children were let out of the Asylum too soon, and if they follow H/99 they'll end in the Lethal Institute before their time."

"The State forbid," murmured Smith.

At that moment the door opened and a keen hatchet-faced man entered—"Act 43, Section XI., Right of Entry at all hours to Inspector of Cheerfulness. All cheerful, I hope?"

"Yes, Sir," said Smith, rising with the others, "all cheerful. Very cheerful indeed, Sir."

As he produced his red notebook the Inspector rapidly scrutinized each member of the family in turn. "No, not all cheerful. You for one are not cheerful H/99 Hampstead, but that's now beyond my Department. And what's the name of this Unit? He's got a curious expression on his face."

"That's Henry, Sir."

"How long has he been looking like that?"

"Looking like what, Sir?"

"Looking like that."

"I don't know, Sir."

"You don't know!" said the Inspector, and he crossed the room to the telephone. "Hullo! I want Mental Emergencies. . . . Is that you, Mental. . . . This is Inspector Weevil. I'm speaking from H/99 Hampstead. There's a case of Suppressed Complex here. . . . No, it's not been notified. . . . Very good, send out a Psycho-Analyst at once. Right you are."

"Now then," said the Inspector, more cheerfully, turning to the family, "what's the name and number of this girl?"

"Jane, Sir," answered Smith, "born 17 years ago, vaccinated five times, inoculated thrice, hypnotized once, State Asylum . . . all the papers are in order. H/99/a/½ is her number."

"She will be in this house at 23 o'clock, when the Special Woman Inspector for young Female Units will call."

"Very good, Sir," said Smith.

"I won't," exclaimed Jane, looking at her brother.

"Oh," sobbed Mrs. Smith, "this is simply awful . . . 'won't.'"

"Keep silent," said the Inspector, "that child is a Christian."

"No, no, she's not, Sir," groaned Smith.

"She is. And instead of contradicting, let's see your dictaphone records. That'll show you how you've been getting along in this happy home."

Smith dragged out a large cabinet from beneath the table, and this the Inspector unlocked with his key. "What's this here," he exclaimed, "there's been a quarrel in this house. That's what it is. The record shows high voices, and curious expressions, eh? How about it?"

"We all deplore it, Sir, we all deplore it," said Smith, earnestly.

"I daresay you do," replied the Inspector, "and I'll tell you what it is, H/99. It's a good thing for you that you didn't live at a time when what they called money was used, because what with fines for one thing and another you'd have had nothing left. That's to say, if we Inspectors were to do our duty. . . . Well, now, I must be getting along."

Amongst his far-off ancestors were some who had followed the calling of a policeman, and as he left the house a small packet of carbohydrate was pressed into his hand by Smith. But so preoccupied was the Inspector, he made no outward acknowledgment of the gift.

The hours passed and various officials called. An In-

vestigator of Chimney-piece Ornaments, and the Agent for the Society of Hygienic Wallpapers (with Powers under the Act) were early arrivals. The Special Woman Inspector insisted on cropping Jane's hair, and Henry had a long and painful interview with the Psycho-Analyst. One Searcher found a blanket that was not all wool, whilst another detected a couple of weeds in the little six-feet garden; but as these were minor offences it was not altogether a bad morning for H/99. Moreover, it was nearing noon, when Smith would be free to go to his four hours' work a day, and during these hours he bred ferrets for the vivisection experiments of Professors at the State Pandemonium.

As Smith was about to leave the house a closed motor-car stopped at the gate and a large fat man stepped out. This personage came up the steps, and taking Smith's arm, led him in a friendly fashion into the breakfast-room. The fat man then closed the door and smiled.

"All correct," said Smith, feeling somewhat uneasy; "perhaps you are the Inspector of—of Inspectors?"

"No, no, not so bad as that. I'm a Commissioner. We don't leave everything to the Inspectors, you know. Now Smith, my friend, you're not happy."

"Oh, yes, indeed I am, Sir, very happy."

"Well, well; we can have a chat about that on the way. I'm going to take you for a little drive."

The Commissioner opened the door and led Smith towards the closed car. As they went down the steps Smith's heart was thumping against his ribs. This physical emotion was utterly unreasonable, because the big man had been quite civil, and was neither pulling nor pushing him. Indeed, it seemed to Smith as if the Commissioner was merely pawing him gently; and yet in his cerebral cortex, owing doubtless to some vestigial taint from primordial times, the molecules were in a state of senseless panic.

Once seated in the well-cushioned car gliding out of Hampstead, Smith swallowed a lump that was rising in his throat, and turned to the Commissioner sitting beside him.

"I just wish to say, Sir, that I'm very sorry indeed if I've been unhappy."

"No need to apologize, my dear fellow; in any case it wasn't your fault."

"Thank you very much, Sir."

"Not at all. As you know, or ought to know, a Unit is never responsible for anything, and there's no need for you to

blame yourself over this or over anything else. If there's any question of laxity the State alone is responsible. Possibly in the past our inspection has been less efficient than it might have been. At any rate things are now being improved, as the State itself is threatened."

"I'm sorry to hear that, Sir," remarked Smith more cheerfully. "I mean I'm glad we'll be better inspected, but I'm sorry the State's in danger."

"That's just it," said the Commissioner, "the State is in great danger. This is not known to the Units, and the information I give you is secret."

"Thank you, Sir, you may rely on my . . ."

"Of course I can. If there had been the slightest risk of your passing the news on, I wouldn't have told you. The danger is from Ireland. That island remained Christian, and is still inhabited by madmen obsessed by a delusion, in itself a Fable borrowed from Pagan mythology. For a hundred years we've forbidden any communication with these people, but from secret sources we know what they're doing. At present there's a Unit in the island who calls himself King George XX. He and his people have now decided that it's their duty to destroy this great State of which you and I are humble Units."

"But surely it's none of their business, Sir," asked Smith, a trifle eagerly.

"Of course it's not their business, but they threaten a crusade, and that's where you come in, Smith, or rather that's where you go out."

"I beg pardon, Sir, but I'm afraid that I don't quite follow your meaning, Sir."

"Well, my dear fellow, if these madmen make a war, don't you see that it would be dangerous if we had within the State any emotional Units who might sympathize with the enemy. Now you, Smith, are undoubtedly an emotional Unit."

"I'd never sympathize with the enemy, Sir."

"Ah, one never knows, although it passes comprehension why anyone should sympathize with these madmen. If the Christians conquer, there will be a terrible upheaval and relapse. We'll no longer be housed, clothed, and fed by the State. Our hours of work won't be limited to four a day. Make no mistake about that. You wouldn't be told what you must do, but merely what you must not do. A most pernicious philosophy. And worse than that, they'd restore tears and laughter to the world. Do you know, Smith, I

often think that whenever a Unit feels inclined to belittle the work of our excellent inspectorate he should quietly recollect how fortunate we really are and how very different things might be. We might have been a priest-ridden people, harried and hounded by Jesuits."

"The State forbid," said Smith, piously raising his hat, "I swear it."

"No need to swear," corrected the Commissioner gently. "In any case there's Nothing to swear by, and no fear of treason on your part. But apart from these polemics, you're not really happy, Smith."

"Indeed I am, Sir, very happy. I'm well inspected, and then I've got my ferrets. They're very fond of me, Sir."

"Nonsense, my friend. In the first place they're not your ferrets because they belong to the State, and secondly, although they enjoy their food, I am quite sure that they are not so lacking in intelligence as to harbour any emotion towards the Unit whose duty it was to look after them. No, no, Smith, your face betrays you. You're not happy. Too much emotion. And your children prove it. The State permitted you to have two children. Well? Have you bred Samurai? I think not. The fact is you're degenerate, and we cannot encourage this to go on. Your own common sense must tell you that we can't afford to keep you. The Happier Homes idea has been given up. Too expensive and sentimental, almost Christian in fact. Efficiency, H/99, efficiency, and all for the State. That's the motto of every loyal Unit."

"Where are we going, Sir?" asked Smith, white in the face.

"To the Lethal Institute, my friend. Steady, steady."

"No, no, I'm not," muttered Smith. "What Act of Parliament lets you do this. I've a right to know that. I'm a free Unit."

"The Act? Oh, my dear Smith, need we go into all that. That was never the difficulty, I assure you. It was lack of time, not of authority, that sometimes hampered us. The State has gone into your case. The Inspectors and the Secret Service have worked conscientiously over you. We have all the documents. Everything is in perfect order."

Smith glanced wildly round the car until his gaze was fixed on a long aluminium box placed across the front seats. "What's that thing?" he whispered hoarsely.

"Steady, my friend, you really must pull yourself together.

If you had been less squeamish I should have told you all about it before we started. That is . . . ahem . . . well . . . shall we say . . . the hearse portion. Quite new, a labour-saving device."

"So I'm driving with my own coffin?"

"Well, in a sense I suppose you are, if you wish to put it that way. Personally I dislike the use of the word coffin, on account of its ancient associations, and I usually refer to the thing you're looking at as the Container."

"Driving like a criminal to Tyburn!"

"Now there you are quite wrong," replied the Commissioner gently. "There is no parallel. In the old days to which you refer the criminal was chained. There are no criminals now. You're not a criminal and you're not in chains. You are a free Unit who is about to submit to the requirements of the State."

"That's a lie," sobbed Smith. "The criminal was chained because he had a chance of escape, one in a million though it was. I've no chance at all. That's why you don't chain me. Even the Jesuits wouldn't treat a man like this!"

"Come, come, H/99, no temper if you please. Be reasonable. Your own common sense must tell you that you're a greater danger than many criminals. But why all this fuss? There's nothing to hurt you. We have the highest medical opinion that it is quite painless. I can assure you as to that. And what is the whole affair after all? A mere rearrangement of the molecules. . . . Ah, these molecules, Smith, if we could only get down to *them* we should move much more quickly. . . . That's all there is to it. And if you fear anything else, this in itself is further proof that you're not fit to live. Now as an old hand at the business, my advice to you, Smith, is this—don't worry. No one is going to hurt you. We shall deal with you gently, kindly, and with discretion. You shall have full custodial care at every step. In a few minutes we shall be at the Institute, afterwards I shall take you on to the Crematorium, and within an hour at most your molecules will be floating in the blue Emyrean—back with the Nitrogen from whence they came. A beautiful thought, my friend. . . . What! the man has fainted. . . . I must speak to that Inspector. We ought to have taken this Unit away twenty years ago. . . . Perhaps the whole family would be better away. I really must press the Board for a decision."

HALLIDAY SUTHERLAND.

A MODERN THEORY OF DREAMS

IN days when the human mind was fresh and free, in the "dark-ages" if you will, we read our future in the stars and in our dreams. The mystery of the stars and the mystery of dreams, were problems that challenged every pilgrim mind, and many were the learned books that were written to expound them. But now we have grown commonplace, scientific, practical. The stars are made to tell the farmer when to sow his corn, and dreams are used by the doctor to interpret blood-pressure. Be that as it may, the fascination of the dream-mystery has not wholly passed away and interest may still be found in recording some characteristics of dreams, and a modern theory based thereon.

What is strangest, perhaps, about dreams is our own attitude towards them. While asleep, they are real for us. The situation, however incongruous, thrilling or menacing, is actual and true for us. When we awake, we regard it as unreal and false. We are credulous when asleep, incredulous when awake. A few minutes ago we were trembling—actually trembling and crying aloud for help, our brows bathed with cold perspiration—as we hung on the edge of a precipice. And now, though still perhaps a little unnerved, still feeling our hearts palpitating, we smile at the foolishness of our dream! But smile as we may, it *was* very real, very actual! Our emotions were of the same nature as those we experience when awake. Our "reflexes" were the same too, though perhaps less complete. There was something which appalled us, an experience which we had, and which we can now only partly reconstruct. For by waking up, a "disassociation" has occurred in our minds. We have passed from sleep to awakedness, we have crossed a chasm, we have broken away from, or "disassociated" ourselves from a previous mental state, and to recross the chasm, to reconstruct the dream fully is impossible.

Hardly less striking a characteristic of dreams is their intimate significance for ourselves. The moment we analyze a dream, tracing by association its relation to our past experiences, we see how closely it concerns us. Not everything which springs from our own minds is of this nature. When we speculate about Einstein's Relativity we are not

following a spiral path around our own hearts, interests and lives. But when we dream we resemble the protoplasm of an amœba which flows out from itself to form a pseudo-pod to enclose food for itself and then flows back into itself again. And so deeply are we convinced of this personal reference in dreams, that if we are at all prone to superstition we are inclined to regard some dreams as a mysterious warning, springing up from some unknown communion of our soul with other souls. We feel ready to believe that dreams record telepathic messages from friendly far-off spirits—messages that awakening interrupts.

Dreams unfortunately cannot be fully or accurately recorded, but what does remain in memory is usually pictorial, comprising one or more visualized acts, staged in a dramatic way. The stage is crowded sometimes, and there is much scene-shifting. Other times the stage is almost empty and only a common-place incident occurs. But the details, such as they are, are usually familiar.

The person or persons are in part or wholly recognizable; so, too, are the places and situations. Much of the dream may come from very recent experience, the street we walked yesterday, or the football match we witnessed. But the juxtaposition is usually incomprehensible. Napoleon may be seen flying across the Channel or Shakespeare typewriting a leader for the *Daily Mail*. The dream then takes the things we know, combines them in a dimension that negates space, time and conventions, and puts us playing a part in a puppet show before our own eyes.

All that happens in a dream takes place without a hitch, in the sense that impossible things are accomplished without difficulty. All is illogical if you like, and untrue to life if you like, but still there is a unification in it; it is "rationalized." It is the work of a libertine imagination, you may say, a freak-work of the mind, a riotous outburst of thought, but even an imagination gone mad is ruled by psychical laws. A dream, too, is part of ourselves—springing from and fabricated by ourselves—redolent of our ambitions, fancies, feelings, inner thoughts—the work of our mind working on our own experience and our own outlook on life. As a dream it contains diverse things culled from levels high and low of our experience, plaited and interwoven with associations of our mind, toned with inward, shadowy, slowly-growing impulses and feelings, awakening by some

unknown unconscious force, moods and impulses that seem to dwell deep down on the borderland of our consciousness.

Even such a brief survey of the characteristics of dreams as we have given naturally provokes the questions, What is the source of dreams? What purpose do they serve? Why are they so incongruous and bizarre? What is their meaning and significance? Is an interpretation of dreams possible?

To such questions as these Sigismund Freud has replied in his work on the *Interpretation of Dreams*, which launched the modern theory of dreams that has excited, of late, such an extraordinary amount of attention. This theory¹ forms the mainspring of the Freudean therapeutic method which has been widely adopted by psycho-analysts.

There had been thousands of dream-books before Freud's day but no scientist worthy of the name had ever occupied himself with those apparently nonsensical phenomena until Freud observed a strange relationship between the condition of some of his patients and their dreams. Here, again, he proceeded not from a preconceived theory, but in a purely empirical way, collecting numberless dreams, and analysing them as methodically as a scientist, finding himself in the presence of an unknown body, would determine its nature and composition by weighing it, measuring it, and submitting it to various reagents.²

When Freud had sufficiently studied dreams he found the solution of the dream-problem in his theory of the transition, from the subconscious to the conscious mind, of dream-thoughts, which passed through the barrier of "censorship"³ in a disguised form during sleep.

In the subconscious the dream originates. In the subconscious the true dream-thought is to be found—the latent or hidden content of the dream. The urge or wish that is later on satisfied or fulfilled in the dream as memorized, lies in the subconscious. The feeling or "affect" too, which accompanies the dream, as it appears, finds its true explana-

¹ The theory is not difficult to understand if we bear in mind Freud's theory of the "unconscious," as the store-house of all past experiences of which we are not actually aware at the present moment. Some of these experiences (lying in the unconscious) we can recall to mind, to consciousness, *at will*. Then we become aware of them. Others we cannot call to consciousness *at will*, but, nevertheless, at times they surge up to consciousness. This happens in particular during dreams.

² *Psycho-Analysis*. Tridon, p. 39.

³ See, for the function of the "Censor," "Psycho-Analysis and Christian Morality," *THE MONTH*, Feb. 1921, pp. 103 sqq.: C.T.S., 2d.

tion in the subconscious dream-thought. The dream as it appears is the falsified dream, or, if you will, it is the true dream disguised and distorted. It is called the "manifest content" of the dream. It is strange, bizarre, incongruous, symbolic. It is absurd and meaningless in itself. Its true meaning can only be discovered by getting back to the subconscious. We must tear off the disguises and untwist the distortions, and then we have interpreted the dream. But how are the dream-thoughts disguised and distorted? That is the core of the problem, and Freud has a ready answer in his theory of the Censor. "Dream disfigurement turns out in reality to be the work of the Censor."¹

The correspondence between the phenomena of the Censor and those of dream distortion, which may be traced in detail, justifies us in assuming similar conditions for both. We should then assume in each human being, as the primary cause of dream formation, two psychic forces (streams, systems) of which one constitutes the wish expressed by the dream while the other acts as a censor upon this dream wish and by means of this censoring forces a distortion of its expression.²

The need for censorship is so great, according to Freud, that were our primitive wishes to find expression in our conscious mind in undisguised form, they would be so revolting that we should awaken from sleep!

As regards the strangeness and incongruities which appear in dreams, Freud set himself to study what he calls "the mechanism of distortion," the modes by which censorship is effected, and he found them to consist in *condensation, displacement, dramatization, and secondary elaboration*. First of all there is much condensation in a dream. The central figure in a dream may be a composite person, one who represents many or resembles many. He may have the face of a friend, the clothes of an enemy, and the voice of one's father. Again, a place may be composite, a combination of a church, a theatre, and one's home. In that sense it is said by Freud to be "over-determined." Again, in a dream there may be displacements of various kinds. Values may be transferred from one thing to another. Immense importance may be attached to a trifle. A pin or a book may be an object of dread or loathing in a dream, just as it might be for a psycho-neurotic patient. Dramatization is readily

¹ *The Interpretation of Dreams*. Sigismund Freud (Transl. by A. Brill), p. 135.

² *Ibid.* p. 121.

observable in dreams, and need not be dwelt on here. Lastly, "secondary elaboration," a kind of "rationalization" of the dream, takes place, which further disguises it. This last mode of disfigurement unifies the details of the dream and gives them an appearance of sense and connection.

The sources of the dream are past experiences, not excepting those which were infantile—long since forgotten, but abiding still in the subconscious—and even, so Freud teaches, *pre-natal experiences*! The wish that is fulfilled in the dream—for every dream is a wish-fulfilment—is the result of some primitive impulse or urge of the *libido*. "The dream," writes Freud,¹ "is the disguised fulfilment of a (suppressed, repressed) wish." And in a footnote² he quotes Otto Rank's "simplification and modification of this fundamental formula":

On the basis and with the help of repressed infantile sexual material, the dream regularly represents as fulfilled, actual and as a rule also erotic wishes in a disguised and symbolic form.

Later on, we shall have occasion to refer to Freud's narrowness and perversity in interpreting almost every dream as a sex-dream.

The Freudian method of interpreting dreams is that of "*free-associations*." The elements or details of the dream are taken up one by one, and all the associations that are awakened in the patient's mind are examined. The symbolism of the dream is then interpreted in the light of the knowledge thus gained of the patient, due attention being paid to the significance of the symbols themselves—for symbols, according to Freud, seem to have objective value, reappearing as they do in the myths and legends and literature of the most diverse races. The investigation searches into the individual's subconscious, seeking in its depths for the meaning of the dream. And meanwhile the dream is the *via regia* to the true knowledge of the subconscious, aiding the psycho-analyst more than anything else to discover the buried complex, the *trauma* or mind-wound, which disturbs and upsets his patient.

Freud asks the question, "What is the function of the dream?" and gives as his answer that it is to protect sleep. One could not sleep well, he argues, unless one dreamed, for one would be constantly awakened by the mind's anxious

¹ *The Interpretation of Dreams*, p. 136.

² *Ibid.* p. 136, footnote.

preoccupations. But dreams disguise these anxious thoughts and so keep the mind from being unduly disturbed. Other psycho-analysts hold that dreams serve such functions as the formation of tentative efforts at the solution of various disturbing problems or dilemmas. But, though dreams have, it is recorded, been instrumental in solving problems, such does not seem to be their function. For there is little trace of reasoning, or of the exercise of judgment and discrimination in dreaming. A dream is a phantasmagoria, a scenic display in the mind, a patch-work of woven imagery, and lacks the intellectual tension of problem-solving. Night-dreams would rather seem, like day-dreams, to be a less well-ordered exercise of memory and imagination, working under the inspiration of some inner motive or urge.

Sometimes in a dream we experience a feeling or *affect* that seems quite out of harmony with the circumstances of the dream as it appears to us. The scene may be joyful, and yet we feel very sad. The scene may be one of sorrow, and yet we feel very gay, and perhaps dance with joy. What is the meaning of this strange phenomenon? The feeling or affect is that which is true in the dream. "In dreams the only true thing is the affect."¹ Freud's explanation is that the feeling has really reference, not to the "manifest content," but to the "latent content" of the dream, an explanation which stands or falls by his theory as a whole.

There are very many other details of Freud's dream-theory which it would be of interest to dwell upon, and it is only fair to say that no brief summary can do justice to his elaborate and painstaking research. Even were one to reject Freud's theory as utter nonsense, one should be prepared to pay tribute to his vast work. One must also make allowance in criticizing his theory, for the fact that in dream-psychology anything in the nature of proof is practically impossible. All that one can fairly ask for is a good explanation which covers ascertained facts. As regards Freud's interpretation of symbols we have a right to be sceptical. The only ground he has for asserting, for instance, that such and such symbols are sexual, is a rather weak argument of the analogical type. A "serpent," he asserts, is a sexual symbol in dreams. How does he know? He will refer to myths and legends capable of a sexual interpretation in which the serpent figures. He will refer to dreams in which the serpent

¹ Ernest Jones, *Psycho-Analysis*, p. 206 and 7 (quoting Stekel).

appears to have a sexual import. But the transition to the general statement that in dreams serpents are sexual symbols is too hasty and very inconclusive.

Again, let us take as an example Freudean interpretation of water-dreams. These dreams, he understands, symbolize birth. He gives many examples,¹ only one of which can with decency be quoted (though not without omitting a few sentences). He writes:

Here is a pretty water-dream of a female patient, which was turned to extraordinary account in the course of treatment.

THE DREAM. *At her summer resort on the . . . Lake she hurls herself into the dark water at a place where the pale moon is reflected in the water.*

INTERPRETATION. Dreams of this sort are parturition dreams; their interpretation is accomplished by reversing the fact reported in the manifest dream content; thus instead of "throwing one's self into the water" read "coming out of the water," that is "being born."

The dream, according to Freud, fulfils a subconscious wish—in this case a subconscious wish of being born again. I think it can be safely asserted that no one desires to have a physical re-birth. When Freud asserts that such a desire is in our subconscious—he asserts it gratuitously. What value can a theory have which is based on such assumptions? Can it be called scientific? Then he boldly tells us to read "*coming out of the water*," for "*throwing one's self into the water*." What right have we to do so? Why force such a strained interpretation on the dream?

Lest it be thought that I am unfair to Freud in attributing to him the absurd idea that pre-natal experiences influence our dreams and form subject-matter for desires and wishes which are satisfied in dreams, let me quote a further passage from his chapter on "The Material of Dreams":²

It is only of late that I have learned to value the significance of fancies and unconscious thoughts about life in the womb. They contain the explanation of the curious fear felt by so many people of being buried alive, as well as the profoundest unconscious reason for the belief in a life after death which represents nothing but a projection into the future of this mysterious life before birth. *The act of birth moreover is the first experience*

¹ Vide *The Interpretation of Dreams*, S. Freud, p. 242.

² Footnote, p. 244.

with fear, and is thus the source and model of the emotion of fear.

This quotation, together with the dream-interpretation quoted above, afford us some insight into Freud's mind as regards his theory of "the latent content," "the Censor," and "the manifest content." In truth, if our subconsciousness contained desires of re-birth and pre-natal experiences a strict censorship would be necessary lest our dreams should awaken us from sleep. But what are we to think of this theory?

In the first place, it reminds one very forcibly of that "faculty psychology" which modern psychologists who have never read Scholasticism attribute to Scholastics. They say that in our psychology we partition the mind into little compartments, placing memory in one, imagination in another, intellect in a third, will in a fourth. From out these little boxes we make the will or intellect hop. Then they do little "stunts," and return to their kennels. Such is the psychology that is attributed to us. And we are accused of dishonesty when we deny that any scholastic psychologist ever taught such rubbish.

But when one reads of Freud's dream-theory one is inclined to see in it a tendency towards "faculty psychology." Let us put it in this way. Freud posits two boxes, a pole-cat, and a handy-man. In the first box, the subconscious, he places the pole-cat among the *bric-à-brac* and rubbish of infantile experiences, not omitting pre-natal experiences. The pole-cat (typifying *libido*, which for Freud, as we shall see, is the all-powerful supreme urge and interest in life) throws out objects, one after another, from the first box, endowing them naturally with a nasty smell (sexuality). The handy-man, the Censor, catches them as they come, disinfects them as well as he can, repaints them, changes their shape, and throws them into the second box, which represents the "manifest content" of the dream. Accumulated in this box, distorted and disfigured after the work of the handy-man, we see them—they appear to us in the dream! If we want to interpret the dream we must try to reconstruct them as they were in their first condition in the first box. We have to add again the disgusting smell, wash off the disinfectant and the paint, and so try to get back to their original state of rubbish.

No doubt this is a crude and unsympathetic parody on the Freudian theory—and no doubt the reduction of the theory to the low level of "faculty psychology" will be

hurtful to devotees of the Freudean school, but though perhaps a little exaggerated, it comes near the truth.

The theory of "latent content," "Censor," and "manifest content," is not only cumbersome, but it is ineffectual to explain facts. A series of questions, perhaps a little too technical for a paper like this, spring to mind, which cannot be answered in terms of Freud's theory. How does he show that the elements of the dream are disguised, distorted "other things"? The "other things" stripped of disguise, *what* are they? What kind are they? If they are dwellers in the subconscious what knowledge can we have of them, or of their appearance, or of their repulsiveness? The Censor, the critic, no doubt is conscious of some deformity or ugliness in them, else he would not disguise them. But the Censor is, in the last analysis, our own judgment. What he knows and sees we know and see. What he disguises we disguise. And what he passes as sufficiently disguised and distorted, we pass as sufficiently disguised and distorted. And what subsequently we see disguised in the dream, we have already seen undisguised, nay, we have been at work disguising! What can be the motive for all this effort at self-deception? for all this "mechanism of distortion"? Freud would answer, I suppose, "in order not to disturb sleep," for such, he says, is the function of dreams!

There remains to be discussed the question of the motive of dreams, and Freud's theory of sex in dreams. "In handling a dream," writes Nicoll, "the aim is to discover the motive of the unconscious."¹ What is the underlying motive of the dream? Is it that broad vital urge that Bergson calls the *élan vital*; that Jung calls *hormé*; that many psychologists call *interest*; or that Freud calls *libido*? What is it that governs and directs our dreams? Do all the instincts play their part in turn? Some dreams seem in keeping with the urge towards self-preservation. In dreams we struggle against injury or death. Some dreams seem in keeping with the urge of natural needs. Hunger and thirst seem to inspire dreams. Some dreams seem in keeping with spiritual or intellectual needs; some with high ambitions; some with natural yearnings for home or country. Some, of course, are inspired by the animal urge of lust. But when Freud tells us that practically all dreams are erotic, and when he points to every conceivable kind of object, from a window,

¹ *Dream Psychology*, Maurice Nicoll, p. 76.

to a fish as a sexual symbol, we feel inclined to laugh. For Freud, the *libido* urge (and at least in his *Interpretation of Dreams* by *libido* he means lust) pervades all dreams, or almost all. No one denies that lust-dreams occur, and in some cases occur frequently, but to assert more than that would be untrue. The presence of other strong instincts is itself a sufficient guarantee of the falsity of Freud's one-sided view.

Many people believe that dreams are wholly due to external stimuli. This theory is called the "physical causation" theory of dreams. If during sleep our arms become bare and grow cold, if our head falls suddenly off the pillow, if a mouse creeps over us, or a heavy banging be heard on a wall, the resultant dream is said to be explained by such stimuli. Further, such internal sensory stimuli as that of a digestive process upset by a heavy supper is supposed to be the *cause* of the dream or nightmare. Many dream-psychologists, such as Maury,¹ have worked experimentally on dreams. When tickled on the nose and lips with a feather during sleep, Maury dreamed that a mask of pitch was applied to his face and then removed suddenly, tearing off the skin. His neck was lightly pinched. He dreamed that a blistering plaster was put on him and thought of a doctor who treated him in his childhood. Many other similar experiments were performed, but it was noticed that the same stimulus produced different dreams, and sometimes no connection could be found between the stimulus and the dream. Further, it was remarked that the presentation, if produced, was arbitrary in the sense that it seemed to be only one of many possible presentations, and perhaps took its colour or form from the underlying motive of the dream. Freud, with others, admits that "the rôle of the objective stimuli as a producer of dreams has been indisputably established."² The excitation of the retina which still lasts after sleep has come, and which is a typical "subjective sensory stimulus," also plays a part, with other subjective stimuli in the formation of dreams. Quoting again from Freud:³

Ladd believes that hardly any visual dream occurs in our minds that is not based on material furnished by this inner condition of stimulation of the retina. . . . The shifting and endlessly

¹ *Le Sommeil et les Rêves*.

² *Interpretation of Dreams*, p. 24.

³ *Ibid.* p. 24.

variable character of the spontaneous luminous excitation of the retina corresponds exactly to the fitful succession of pictures presented to us in our dreams.

However, even when we make allowance for the influences of external and internal stimuli, and even for the arbitrariness of memory-associations thus awakened, there still remains much to be explained in the mysterious problem of dreams.

It may be thought that little profit can accrue to psychology from the investigation of dreams. After all, dreams are subjective. The memory of them is incomplete and inaccurate. The conditions of producing or modifying them in experimentation are uncertain. In fine, a "science of dreams" seems beyond the bounds of possibility. Nevertheless, when we are told¹ that "the dream is regarded as material of the first importance in the investigation of the factors responsible for unusual states of mind," and that "all schools look at it as a typical product of the unconscious regions of the human psyche," while it is "an invaluable aid in psycho-analysis,"² we must, I suppose, admit tentatively that good comes from the investigation of dreams. The fact that the dream is subjective, and the method of recording it subjective, does not vitiate it wholly as material for the psychologist. Precisely the same objection could be raised against Introspective Psychology. When we, for instance, examine the characteristics of "attention" by looking into our own minds, the process is subjective. Nevertheless, much of modern psychology, and, indeed, of scholastic psychology, is built up on such introspections.

In conclusion, let us say that the dream problem still remains unsolved, and will remain so until we understand fully how far "associations," and "disassociations," in waking life are controlled or controllable. Further, we need a fuller knowledge of the mechanism by means of which images spring into the focus of consciousness, and of the part instinct and emotion play in setting this mechanism in motion. Until that knowledge is ours we cannot hope to explain scientifically the origin and significance of the oft-times wondrous and weird imagery of the dream.

E. BOYD-BARRETT.

¹ *Dream Psychology*, Maurice Nicoll, p. 6.

² *Elements of Psycho-Analysis*, Bousfield, p. 105.

“ROSEMARY, THAT’S FOR REMEMBRANCE”

THE borders of Berenice’s garden met the King’s highway, a road beginning at a palace and ending at a tomb, being marked on the plan Celestial as beginning in Pain and terminating in Joy,—a road narrow and strait, leading to the Kingdom of God.

Ordered plants from Berenice’s garden kissed this highway: beside it the poppy flaunted its loveliness, the lily reared its proud head, and the little forget-me-not, mindful still of its Creator’s concern, hid modestly in the undergrowth. Carefully tended was this garden, for Berenice, though not yet a follower of Him, had often listened to a Gardener Who bade men consider the lilies; and Who spake of His Father’s numbering of the sparrows, that even now twittered about the highway. Yet there was one plant, devoid of bloom, and with stick-like leaves that seemed a strange denizen of such a garden: however, despite its unattractiveness, Berenice watered it daily, and endeavoured to impart a semblance of order to its straggling twigs.

The plant came into the garden in this wise. The King, to Whom Berenice was not yet subject, rode once to His Father’s House, and His people assembled to honour His entry. Meek, and sitting on an ass, He came, and they, desirous of welcoming their King in befitting manner, made carpet of their garments and strewed His way with branches from nodding palms.

Where Gethsemane climbed the hill beside the Cedron Valley the Hosannas voiced by the welcoming populace grew loudest, while the King rode down the slopes of Olivet. Berenice, standing amidst the throng, noted a little boy, too tiny in stature to reach a leaf from the lofty palms, run eagerly to Gethsemane, uproot a small shrub in his haste, and return in time to strew his simple offering before the King,—noted, too, the King’s smile and His uplifted Hand. And, the triumphal procession passed on its way, the memory of that smile prompted her to pick up that bruised shrub tenderly and bear it to her garden, where it received equal care

with that afforded its more regal neighbours, the Crown Imperial lily and the scarlet poppy.

Yet was the bruised, straggling plant ill content. The friendly shade of the aspen no longer afforded solace, the spiky thorn no longer gave sense of security: the poppy was too proud, the Crown Imperial too vain and little forget-me-not too modest to provide companionship. Berenice's solicitude and care were of no avail, for the little plant spent its strength in regrets that no longer it grew in Gethsemane, betwixt the aspen and the thorn.

Had it but known! Whilst Berenice nurtured it so tenderly, men gathered branches of a thorn and wove them into a crown; cut down an aspen and made of its wood a gibbet—the gibbet for Throne, the thorns for Crown of the King, for whom the little bruised plant was torn from its wonted place . . .

Along the King's highway came a motley, jeering crowd, in the midst of it a weary Man, bruised and bleeding, His anguished Mother beside Him, a new and now willing friend carrying for Him His penal Cross, under which weight He weak and exhausted had just fallen. Berenice, full of sympathy even for a criminal, rushed forward, forgetful, for the moment, of her little plant, and wiped that blood-stained Face with her kerchief. Then it was that she heard the grateful thanks of the Gardener, Who bade men consider the lilies; recognized the King Who had ridden that palm-strewn path, saw again the uplifted Hand, the Face that smiled at the tribute of the eager boy.

Another, too, had seen all that! The King's Mother, waiting meekly in the throng of that triumphal day, had noted the boy's offering, had seen Berenice pick up the bruised plant over which her Son had ridden, and tenderly bear it away. And, stooping down, she culled a tiny twig of the little plant, placing it in her bosom.

The flowers in Berenice's garden drooped their heads in sorrow that the Gardener should be thus treated by His fellow men,—all save the poppy, in its pride, and the Crown Imperial, in its vanity, while little forget-me-not, remembering in that hour so much, trailed stalks and flowers beyond the King's Highway, nor grew abashed at her own love. The grieving Mother smiled sadly at Berenice, and the procession passed on, leaving Berenice to tend her garden.

On a hill called Golgotha, men nailed a Mother's Son to a

gibbet, while the sun stood still, rocks were cleft, and graves were opened. Man knew not what he did; but Nature stood aghast at man's handiwork. So it was that in the gathering darkness, Berenice paused at her work and stood afraid; while on Golgotha, a dying Man gave His Mother to His friends, and, before surrendering His Spirit, craved forgiveness of His Father for His enemies. And being dead, they laid Him in the arms of His Mother, who, preparing Him for the grave, took from her bosom that tiny twig from Berenice's garden and laid it on the Body of her loved One, near by that gaping Wound that was for mankind the Well of Everlasting Life.

Berenice marvelled and knelt down, on her kerchief the print of that bleeding Face. Her garden, where, now, the poppy bent its head in shame, and where the Crown Imperial, with inverted calyx, dropped five tears, was permeated by a fresh, sweet perfume; and her little plant, now grown strong, was bedecked with tiny blue flowers and loaded the air with its fragrance. Passers-by returning from Golgotha marvelled at its perfume, while to Berenice, gazing on that kerchief, was given Wisdom and Knowledge, which she spread to others.

When Berenice, called by her fellow-disciples Veronica, was sent for her faith on the way of Death to the King's Palace, the little plant found its way back to Gethsemane, where the Creator, at Whose Word came into being both the Garden and its fruits, had endured so dire an Agony for His creatures. The thorn had withered for shame, and the aspen tree quivered for dread, but Rosemary flourished in a new and fertile spot, even where the Angels had ministered solace unto Him Who said: "Not My will, but Thine be done." And its fragrance is wafted throughout the whole of God's Garden for ever.

ANDREW J. L. PROCTOR.

THE PROBLEM OF ANNE CATHERINE EMMERICH

III. VISIONS OF THE GOSPEL HISTORY.

SISTER EMMERICH, as we have seen, asserted in the most explicit terms that what was communicated to her in her visions was of immense importance to the world—of so great importance, in fact, that the priests and others who were lukewarm in the matter and who failed to provide her with an amanuensis, incurred a very serious responsibility in the sight of God. With this view of her mission as the divinely-appointed herald of great tidings, Fathers Schmöger and Wegener, her biographers, are in complete accord. It is the astounding unity of these revelations, says the former, which guarantees the truth of the narrative and demonstrates its supernatural origin.¹ Further, he is led to challenge criticism and to ask whether in all these visions “a single line or a single touch is to be found which betrays anything else but the direct vision of an eye-witness.”² Even when discussing the six-weeks visit to Cyprus and the journey into the land of the Magi, which Anne Catherine attributes to our Saviour during the last year of His public ministry, Father Schmöger declares that the accuracy of the historical and geographical details in her account, as well as the whole character of the narrative, constitute a guarantee of the “intrinsic truth” of all these communications.³ He is confident that his readers will agree with him in thinking that an immense debt of gratitude is due to God for the new light which Anne Catherine’s revelations have thrown upon the circumstances of our Lord’s life on earth.⁴ He speaks of the visions as admirable treasures, he says that they contain nothing which is without its deep significance, he insists again and again upon their supernatural character, urging that the recipient was secured from illusion by her exemplary obedience.⁵ This is the note which is uniformly struck, both in the editorial sections of the *Leben Jesu Christi* and in the

¹ Preface to the *Leben Jesu Christi*, Vol. III. p. ix. He speaks of “eine besondere Bürgschaft des Ursprunges aus einem höheren Gnadenlichte.”

² *Ibid.* p. xi.

³ *Ibid.* p. xxiv.

⁴ *Ibid.* III. p. 180.

⁵ *Ibid.* pp. 183—187.

detailed biography of the visionary herself. Further, the same attitude of uncriticizing acceptance is adopted by Father Wegener, the postulator of the cause of her canonization, and it is further emphasized in his book, *Anna Katharina Emmerich und Clemens Brentano*.

Now if the stigmatisée of Dülmen had been the only mystic in the history of the Church to have visions of our Saviour's Life and Passion, this attitude might be excusable, or at any rate easily understood. But in the case before us we have two important facts to bear in mind. In the first place, Anne Catherine's revelations embrace many other things besides the life of our Lord, and these, as pointed out in my last article, are often of an extremely improbable character, running counter to the received beliefs of history, of science and of Catholic theology. Secondly, if we compare the visions of Sister Emmerich with the equally reliable (or unreliable) communications made by other visionaries whose holiness is not less well attested, no sort of agreement is discoverable. We find ourselves, in fact, entangled in a maze of contradictions. Altogether apart from the judgment we may pass upon the phenomena manifested in Anne Catherine Emmerich, this fact is of some little interest in itself and seems to deserve separate treatment. For the purpose we have in view it will be sufficient to limit our comparison almost entirely to the revelations of the two famous mystics, St. Bridget of Sweden and Maria de Agreda. The former lived in the fourteenth century, the latter in the seventeenth, but we possess in both cases a long and detailed record of the communications which they believed they had received directly from the lips of our Lord or His Blessed Mother.

St. Bridget is a saint who has been formally canonized. Moreover, as the original Bull of Canonization was published in 1391, during the great schism of the West, by Pope Boniface IX., whose title to the papacy was impugned, the cause was further investigated under Popes John XXIII. and Martin V. and also through the Councils of Constance and Bâle, in which last assembly a report, adopted by the Council, was drawn up by Cardinal de Turrecremata. This declared the revelations of St. Bridget to be "authentic, exact, and the true teaching of the Spirit of God."¹ Furthermore, St. Bridget's life is stated to have been prolific in physical pheno-

¹ Report of Card. de Turrecremata (prefixed to the *Revelationes S. Birgittæ*), cap. i.

mena of the most startling kind. She had frequent ecstasies and, as the Bull of Canonization records, was often seen raised several feet in the air, while numerous miracles, some of which are recounted in the Bull, were worked by her both in her life and after her death.¹ Copies of most of the depositions made regarding her in the apostolic process of inquiry are still in existence.

Maria Coronel (1602—1605), Abbess of the Franciscan Convent of Agreda, in Spain, has never been canonized, but the cause was introduced shortly after her death, and witnesses examined by papal authority. The famous theologian, Eusebius Amort, while severely criticizing her revelations, does not dispute the extreme austerity of her life or the heroicity of her virtues. It may readily be admitted that certain statements made by her biographers regarding her miraculous bilocation and preaching of the Gospel in America are quite unworthy of credence,² but the physical marvels of her extraordinary ecstasies in early life seem better attested. In particular, we are told that in this state of trance she was frequently raised a little above the ground, and in that condition, when floating thus in the air, a mere puff of breath, directed towards her by some person a few yards away, would affect her body just as if it were a feather or a candle-flame, and, if persisted in, would blow her completely round.³ She was held in deep veneration by Philip IV. of Spain, and throughout the whole peninsula there seems to have been a disposition to regard the revelations, which she committed to writing under the title of *The Mystical City of God*, as an authentic record second only in authority to Holy Scripture itself.

Taking then the data furnished by these two principal witnesses in conjunction with the visions of Sister Emmerich, what additional light do they throw upon the history of our Lord's life as made known to us in the Gospels? A very few examples will suffice for the purpose we have in view. We may begin with the Nativity.

¹ See Flavigny, *Sainte Brigitte de Suède*, pp. 329, 506, 508, etc.

² The matter was, not long since, discussed in the (American) *Fortnightly Review*.

³ Any fuller discussion of this phenomenon would be out of place here. It is affirmed not only by her biographer, Father, afterwards Bishop, Samaniego, but also by witnesses in the canonization process. I am much indebted to the Fathers of the Brompton Oratory for allowing me to consult the copy of the process *De Virtutibus* in their library.

St. Bridget, in 1372, visited the Holy Land. She had been told by Our Lady in Rome that when at Bethlehem itself the Blessed Mother would reveal to her in what manner she had brought forth her Divine Son on that first Christmas night.¹ Accordingly, in the very cave of the Nativity, St. Bridget was favoured with a vision, in which the scene was enacted before her eyes. She saw Mary and Joseph bringing an ox and an ass into the cave. Mary wore a white cloak and had golden hair. St. Joseph hung up a lighted candle and then went outside. Mary fell upon her knees with her face raised and turned towards the East, and while she remained kneeling, suddenly there was a glory of brilliant light, and in an instant her Babe lay radiant upon the bare ground before her. After adoring, she clasped her Child in her arms and fondled Him. Then she took the bands of linen and of woollen which she had with her, ready prepared, and swathed the Child in them. Only when this was over did St. Joseph enter, and thereupon Mary and Joseph together laid the infant Jesus in the manger.² By way of supplement it may be noted that Blessed Veronica of Binasco, a hundred years later, saw Our Lady tearing her own veil into strips in order to swaddle her Child. There was also in her visions a maid in attendance upon Mary and a male servant who led the ox. Further, according to Blessed Veronica, when St. Joseph left the cave he went to seek some matronly assistance for his spouse. He returned accompanied by three women, but by that time our Saviour was already born,³ and the cave was a blaze of light.

When we turn to the revelations of Maria de Agreda and Sister Emmerich, we find almost every detail in St. Bridget's account contradicted by one or the other. St. Bridget leaves an impression of extreme poverty, Anne Catherine of a measure of relative comfort. The latter speaks of a fire in the cave, of more than one lamp, of a coverlet or carpet (*Teppich*), upon which the new-born Child was laid, of utensils which St. Joseph was able to procure, etc. According to the same visionary, the travellers had taken ten days (Maria de Agreda says five) in coming from Nazareth. They had with them an ass and an ass's foal, but in Anne Catherine's most minute description of the journey there is no mention of an ox or of any servant. Mary, raised above the ground and radiant with light, was in an ecstasy at the actual moment

¹ *S. Birgitta Revelationes*, VII. 1.

² *Revelationes*, VII.

³ *Acta Sanctorum*, Jan., II. 187.

of the birth of her Child, and continued in an ecstasy for some time afterwards. St. Joseph, as Anne Catherine expressly tells us, who remained prostrate in prayer in another apartment he had fitted up, was called into the cave *before* the Babe was swaddled, not after, as St. Bridget states. In Maria de Agreda there is again mention of Our Lady's ecstasy, but the ecstasy ends before the moment of birth. St. Michael and St. Gabriel take up the infant and present Him to His Mother. St. Joseph helps Mary to swaddle the Child. An ox, by Divine guidance, strays into the cave, and then both ox and ass adore on their knees and warm the Child with their breath. As for the date of the Nativity, St. Bridget gives no chronological indications, but Anne Catherine states quite precisely that Christ was born in *anno mundi* 3997,¹ while Maria de Agreda says in *anno mundi* 5199.²

Or let us take the scene of the scourging of our Saviour. St. Bridget lays much stress upon the fact that our Lord was divested of every particle of clothing.³ The pillar in her vision must have been at least moderately high, for she speaks of our Lord "embracing it unbidden." Mary, who was standing quite close, fell down in a swoon when the scourging began, but almost immediately recovered herself. A man rushed up at last and cut the victim loose, exclaiming: "Do you mean to kill Him?" Still our Lord did not fall to the ground. He at once put on His garments unassisted, and staggered away. Curiously enough, the statement contained in many prayer-books, in elucidation of the third sorrowful mystery of the Rosary, "the number of stripes they gave Him being above five thousand, as was revealed to St. Bridget," seems to be quite unwarranted. No such computation occurs in her authentic writings.

Maria de Agreda, on the other hand, saw our Lord scourged at a low pillar. She declares that by order of her superiors she expressly asked whether He was entirely nude, and that she was assured by her heavenly informant, that this was not the case.⁴ The seamless garment was torn from Him, but there remained what she calls "*unos paños de honestidad*," and when the executioners attempted to remove this

¹ Brentano, *Werke* (Ed. Oehl), XIV. ii. 237.

² *Mystica Ciudad de Dios*, II. n. 476.

³ *Revelaciones*, I. 10, "nihil omnino operimenti habebat, sed sicut natus est sic stabat"; IV. 70, "toto enim corpore nudus erat"; cf., for our Lady's fortitude, VI. 57, "quando vidi Filium meum ligari et flagellari."

⁴ *Mystica Ciudad de Dios*, II. 1338.

their arms were paralyzed. The number of stripes He received was 5115.¹ Six executioners scourged Him, relieving each other in pairs. Our Lady saw nothing of this with her bodily eyes, but had an intuition of what was happening, and shed tears of blood.² The executioners themselves at last untied Him when their arms were weary, but one of His enemies had maliciously hidden the seamless garment, and our Lord was left to search for it amid the jeers of the on-lookers.

Anne Catherine agrees with St. Bridget in saying that our Lord was completely divested of clothing, that His Blessed Mother swooned, and that He was cut down by a stranger in the crowd. It is however almost certain that these elements were introduced into her narrative through Father Martin von Cochem's *Leben Christi*³—whether from Sister Emmerich's own knowledge of the book or from the subsequent insertions of Brentano does not seem quite clear. Martin von Cochem undoubtedly borrowed much from St. Bridget, and in *The Dolorous Passion* there are citations, sometimes even textual citations, from Father Martin. On the other hand, there are several points in which Anne Catherine contradicts both St. Bridget and Maria de Agreda. It will be sufficient to note that she represents our Lord, when cut loose from the pillar, as lying on the ground in a state of utter collapse. She agrees with Maria de Agreda in depicting three pairs of executioners as engaged in the scourging, but her description of the whips they successively used is entirely different. Furthermore, Anne Catherine stands alone in the statement that our Lord's hands were so drawn up by cords to a ring on the top of the high pillar that His feet barely touched the ground.

The same inconsistencies are conspicuous in the revelations which profess to describe the manner of our Saviour's crucifixion. St. Bridget, whose principal vision occurred on a Friday in the Calvary chapel of the church of the Holy Sepulchre, gives a minute description of what she saw. Let us quote the more important details in her own words:

When I was on Mount Calvary, weeping bitterly I beheld my Lord led out by the Jews to be crucified. . . . He said to me "Observe that in this cleft of the rock was the foot of my cross

¹ *Mystica Ciudad de Dios*, nn. 1340 and 1343.

² *Ibid.*, n. 1341.

³ See Hans Stahl, *P. Martin von Cochem und das "Leben Christi"* (1909), pp. 161—163; and cf., Cardauns, *Klemens Brentano Beiträge*, p. 98.

planted " and I immediately saw how the cross was fixed there by the Jews and fastened firmly in the cleft, wedges of wood being driven in on all sides with mallets, so that the cross should stand solidly and not fall. Now when the cross was firmly planted there, boards were set around the main piece of the cross like steps, as high up as where the feet of a crucified person would be, so that He and the crucifiers might ascend by these steps and stand more conveniently on those boards to crucify Him. And after this they ascended those steps leading Him with the greatest scoffing and insult. Joyfully ascending, like a gentle lamb led to the slaughter, when He was upon these steps, He extended His arm, not forced but voluntarily, and opening His right hand, laid it upon the cross, which His cruel torturers barbarously pierced, driving the nail through the part where the bone was most solid. Then violently drawing His left hand with a rope, they affixed it to the cross in a similar manner. Afterwards stretching His body, beyond all bounds, they crossed one shin over the other and fastened the two feet to the cross side by side with two nails, extending thus so violently His glorious limbs that the nerves and veins were fairly broken.¹

From this description it will be quite plain that, as St. Bridget pictured the crucifixion, our Lord was fastened standing to the cross, which had been previously erected and secured, and that four nails were used, one for each foot. We may note also that the visions of St. Elizabeth of Schönau, in the middle of the twelfth century, equally represent our Saviour as crucified standing, for she says of the executioners that, after stripping Him of His garments, they raised Him up to the cross and fastened Him to it (*levaverunt in crucem et affixerunt*).² It is also tolerably clear from another revelation (iv. 70) that St. Bridget beheld our Lord fastened to a cross of Y shape. "The arms of the cross," she says, "were raised and the junction (*nodus crucis*) was between the shoulder-blades, the cross affording no support to the head, and the inscription-board was fixed to the two arms rising above His head." With regard to the stripping, Our Lady told St. Bridget (i. 10) that "while my Son stood as naked as when He was born, one, running up, handed Him a cloth, with which, inwardly exultant, He covered Himself."

Maria de Agreda gives an equally detailed description. But here our Saviour is twice thrown down upon the cross as

¹ *Revelationes*, VII. 15. I have used, with some modifications, a translation published by Dr. W. H. Neligan, of New York, as far back as 1862.

² *Revelationes S. Elizabetha Sconaugiensis*, II. ii.

it lay upon the ground, first to measure the proper place for the holes which the executioners drilled in it, and secondly to nail His living body to the wood. She speaks of three nails only, the third which pierced both feet being larger and stouter than the others. There is no mention of any special loin-cloth, but the executioners, as at the scourging, were unable to remove the *pañños de honestidad* which He always wore. Having nailed our Saviour to the cross, they raised it in the air and cast Him down, face foremost, to clinch the nails at the back; after which, with a terrible jolt, it was made to fall into the hole prepared for it. I pass over other details of the wanton atrocities which added to our Lord's sufferings.¹

Sister Emmerich's account is the longest and most circumstantial of all. She agrees with St. Bridget in depicting the cross as bifurcated or Y-shaped. In fact, she declares that "the arms of Jesus, unnaturally stretched out, no longer covered the arms of the cross which were sloped; there was a wide space between them and His armpits."² It is extraordinary, if this be true, that such a feature, so acutely conflicting with all the traditions of Christian art, should not have made more impression upon the numberless mystics who have meditated upon the Passion and have been favoured with visions of the scene. Anne Catherine further follows St. Bridget in representing our Saviour as standing without any particle of covering until a man from the crowd—Anne Catherine calls him Jonadab, a nephew of St. Joseph—brought linen to serve as a loin-cloth.³ It is highly probable that this incident was incorporated from St. Bridget through Martin von Cochem, but the share of Brentano in editing *The Dolorous Passion* is very obscure. What is certain is that Sister Emmerich formally contradicts St. Bridget both as regards the position in which our Lord was crucified and the number of the nails. She adds a number of additional touches to the picture she draws, but none of the details thus given, so far as I can discover, find any confirmation in the visions of other mystics.

If such diversity exists in the description of the central mysteries of man's redemption where Holy Scripture itself

¹ *Mystica Ciudad de Dios*, II. nn. 1378—1387.

² *Dolorous Passion* (Eng. Trans.), p. 253.

³ In the English translation, which, being made from the French, is very unsatisfactory, this episode seems to have been entirely deleted.

provides certain broad outlines from which no variation is possible, we may well expect to find still greater confusion in those matters in which the range of the visionary is not circumscribed by a nucleus of revealed truth. It will be sufficient to take as an example the question of the date of Our Lady's death and her assumption into Heaven. We may begin with a curious statement of St. Elizabeth of Schönau (A.D. 1159), who for some reason was specially interested in this matter. She was first told by an angel in 1157 that Our Lady died on August 15th, but was only assumed into Heaven forty days after, *i.e.*, on September 23rd. Fearing that some measure of scandal might be caused by an intimation so much at variance with received traditions, the Saint hesitated to accept or make known what had been thus disclosed to her. Two years later, however, when the Blessed Virgin herself appeared to her in a vision, Elizabeth asked whether this statement was correct. Our Blessed Lady is said to have confirmed it, but added that while the revelation might be written down and communicated to those who were discreet, it would not be prudent, for fear of scandal, to proclaim the truth broadcast. She further stated, in answer to St. Elizabeth's question, that she died on August 15th, a few months more than one year after the Ascension of our Lord, and that all the Apostles were present at the time.¹ St. Bridget had a revelation upon this same matter when praying at the tomb of the Blessed Virgin in Jerusalem. In this she was assured that Our Lady lived, not one, but fifteen years after the Ascension of her Divine Son. She died fifteen days before her body was taken up into Heaven.² According to Maria de Agreda again, the Blessed Virgin died at 3 p.m. on August 13th. She was then 70 years old, all but 20 days. She lived on for 21 years, 4 months, and 19 days after the death of her Son, and for 55 years after the Nativity at Bethlehem. Her body was assumed into Heaven the third day after her death. Although Mary had for a short time visited Ephesus in company with St. John, she resided for the most part at Jerusalem and died there.³ In the revelations of Anne Catherine, on the other hand, we are told that Mary spent her last years and died at Ephesus, whither also the Apostles journeyed to bid her farewell. Her death took place 13

¹ *Revelationes S. Elizabetha*, IV. 1.

² *Revelationes S. Birgitta*, VII. 26.

³ *Mystica Ciudad de Dios*, III. nn. 740, 463, etc.

years and two months after the Ascension, but her body was not assumed into Heaven until it had lain in the tomb for nearly two months. When she gave her soul to God she was 64 years old, all but 23 days.¹

Now it can hardly be necessary to point out that no figures could be more inconsistent than those just cited. The length of Mary's sojourn on earth after her Son's Ascension is variously set down at 1 year, 13 years, 15 years, or 21 years, and the interval which elapsed between her death and her assumption is given as 3 days, 15 days, 40 days, or 2 months. Neither are the contradictions between these data, which all alike are supposed to have been communicated supernaturally by the Spirit of God, limited to such figures, names and details as ordinarily escape the memory and are regarded as of little consequence. It would, I believe, be impossible to name a single incident in the life of Jesus Christ or His Blessed Mother which is narrated by the recipients of these revelations without manifold disagreement in matters of primary import. If there were any residuum of features of greater moment in which the revelations agreed, though in unimportant accessories they differed, we might more easily believe that the Almighty had meant to provide in these visions a source of information, which by the judicious use of comparison and criticism, might really add to the sum of knowledge already contained in the historical records of Holy Scripture. But so far as the present writer's experience is concerned, the attempt to study and compare is absolutely barren of all positive results. The revelations, however multiplied in number or however saintly the recipients, supply no more help for the reconstruction of the historical episode in itself than would be furnished by the purely fanciful delineations of the same number of artists who avowedly drew their inspiration from no more exalted source than their own imagination and artistic training. Of course, it would be possible to take the line that one particular mystic, say Anne Catherine, was really a channel of true inspiration, while all the others were deluded, but there seems little reason for giving the preference in this matter to one visionary rather than another.² The contemplations of all may be highly profitable

¹ See Emmerich, *Vie de la Sainte Vierge* (French Ed., 1921), pp. 372, 373, 395.

² It would require a great deal of space to give any adequate idea of the wide discrepancies which exist between the revelations which Sister Emmerich and others have received regarding the different incidents of our Lord's public life. To take one illustration, St. Gertrude in the thirteenth century professed

to their own souls, and a source of edification for those who in faith and simplicity accept their guidance, but they do not, on the other hand, lead us to any clearer knowledge of the actions of our Saviour or His Blessed Mother, and consequently their historical value is absolutely nil.

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that it had been made known to her in a vision that the bridegroom at the marriage feast of Cana was none other than the Apostle St. John, who, on that very day, following a divine inspiration, separated from his bride and subsequently became an Apostle. Maria de Agreda had heard something of this belief and expressly denies its truth. St. John, she declares, had already begun to follow our Lord before the marriage took place, and further she alleges that since it was on that occasion our Saviour's intention to raise matrimony to the dignity of a sacrament, the dissolution of the marriage would have been contrary to His purpose. On the other hand, Anne Catherine, as usual, abounds in minute detail. She gives a description of the ceremonies of the nuptials and mentions the names of many who were present, amongst the rest St. John. It was not, however, he who was the bridegroom but a young man named Nathanael (a different Nathanael from the Israelite without guile, whom she calls Nathanael Chased), but Sister Emmerich declares that the bridegroom and the bride immediately after the marriage took a vow to live together in chastity, pledging themselves in the first instance for a period of three years. So again with regard to the Transfiguration of our Lord, Maria de Agreda asserts that His holy Mother was present, having been brought there through the air by angels who conveyed Moses and Elias from Limbo in the same way. Anne Catherine makes no mention of the presence of the Blessed Virgin, but declares that Moses and Elias were accompanied by the prophet Malachy, though the last-named appeared in a less substantial form than the other two.

PAGES FROM THE PAST

CHAPTER XVIII.

(Conclusion.)

THE writing of these "Pages" has brought to their author the same sort of pleasure that he had in writing *Gracechurch*: in revising old memories he has seemed to meet again old friends, many of whom he *can* meet, while this life lasts, in memory only. Perhaps the kindly reader will accept that hinted excuse for a certain lingering garrulity to which this sort of writing is liable. If so, he (it may, perhaps more probably, be she) will understand that, about to lay down the pen, the writer feels some of the regret he would have in parting from those old friends, if, dreaming of them, he awoke.

A few weeks ago, in the house of a friend, the author was discussing these "Pages" with a gentleman who praised that pastime of "bridge making" so often illustrated in them, and which consists in bridging great gaps of time by association, as, for example, in the instance of the writer's old friend who knew the widow of Prince Charles Edward Stuart.

"Well," said this gentleman, "I will gladly be a bridge for you—with Napoleon I. Officially my grandfather buried him. My grandfather as Chaplain was detailed to officiate at the funeral: and he stood at the foot of the grave. The priest read the service. I have a print of the scene, showing my grandfather and the whole group."

In the "Last Phase" Lord Rosebery describes "The End":

For the last nine days of his life he [the Emperor] was constantly delirious. On the morning of May 5 [1821] he uttered some incoherent words, among which Monthonol fancied that he distinguished, "France . . . armée . . . tête d'armée." As the patient uttered these words he sprang from the bed, dragging Monthonol, who endeavoured to restrain him, to the floor. It was the last effort of that formidable energy. He was with difficulty replaced in bed by Monthonol and Archambault, and then lay quietly till near six o'clock in the evening, when he yielded his last breath. A great storm was raging outside, which shook the frail huts of the soldiers as with an earthquake, tore up the trees that the Emperor had planted, and uprooted the willow under which he was accustomed to repose. Within, the faithful

Marchand was covering the corpse with the cloak which the young conqueror had worn at Marengo . . . during the next morning the body lay in state . . . four days afterwards the funeral took place with such simple pomp as the island could afford. The coffin, on which lay the sword and the mantle of Marengo, was born by British soldiers to a car drawn by four of the Emperor's horses, and thence again by relays of British soldiers to a spot which he himself had chosen, should burial in France be refused. It was in a garden at the bottom of a deep ravine. There, under the shade of two willows, by the side of a spring which had supplied the Emperor with water to drink, had the grave been dug. The inmates of Longwood followed as chief mourners. Then came Lowe, Montchenu, and the officials, civil, naval and military, of the island. As the body was lowered into the earth there were salvoes of musketry and cannon.

The gentleman whose grandfather had been a chief actor in this memorable scene was "bridge" to another, historic also, but more ghastly: wherein his father's brother, another son of the official Chaplain at Napoleon's burial, acted the dreadful and principal part.

Major William Hodson, "Hodson of Hodson's Horse," was born seven weeks before Napoleon's death. At four-and-twenty he joined the Indian Army, and soon saw service in the first Sikh War. At twenty-six he was Second in Command of the famous Corps of Guides: and in 1852 he commanded it. But in the crisis of the Mutiny he was made head of the intelligence department of the army outside Delhi, and raised his own corps of irregular cavalry, Hodson's Horse. Everyone knew the falsehood and treachery of the old Mogul Emperor whom they were besieging. Hodson's revenge was frightful and pitiless. He hunted down and brought in captive the wretched old Bahadur Shah. The princes, his sons, Hodson shot with his own hand. He caught them in the lovely garden where their ancestor, the great Emperor Humayun sleeps by the sacred Jumna. They had fled thither for hiding. Hodson bade them descend from their curtained carriage, and shot them as they obeyed.

The scene is sculptured on his tomb in Lichfield Cathedral: a strange one to commemorate in a Christian church, and in a place where one would look to see recorded, if anything were to be recorded, whether in word or picture, that in the dead man's life worthiest of admiration or most illustrating that human pity and charity that appeals to God.

Apropos of what was said in the last chapter comparing

the furniture of our homes to-day with that of the average home half a century ago, I have been asked to contrast the houses themselves. That is less easy, and there is less to say about it. At no period does the bulk of any population live in houses built exactly at that period. The houses which I knew as a child were not in many cases built then, but had been built much earlier. Those which *were* then new were uglier, much uglier, than those which we see being built to-day, or which were built in recent years. This is as true, or truer, of cottages as of larger houses. And the truth can be pushed farther. The cottages built in my childhood, or at any time during the generation before my birth, or even during two generations before it, were as ugly as anything can be which is not pretentious. The beautiful cottages belonged to a much earlier period.

Almost all the cottages, and middle-class houses too, built during the nineteenth century, except in its last two decades, were nearly as ugly as they could be. From about 1880 a marked intention of improvement became apparent. Perhaps, like the result of all obviously self-conscious effort, the new buildings had some tinge of affectation; but, granting that, they were more sightly than what they succeeded.

Another question also put to me is of greater consequence:

"Were the English of two generations ago more religious, or less so, than our countrymen and women of to-day?"

That seems to me a question for omniscience. Can any of *us* answer it? As to any surmise of my own, it would, so far as regards the one ground of comparison, rest on the remembered impressions of a child.

As a child I certainly had the impression that my fellow-countrymen were *believers*: that they regarded with a timid horror the exceptional few who did not believe, the timidity being due to a meek concession of abnormal cleverness to those non-believers: also I had the idea that general conduct was weightily, if not always consistently, influenced by belief: that, in fact, people in general were very substantially moved in behaviour by the direction of conscience, by the desire to obtain eternal salvation, by the dread of eternal condemnation and punishment. Further, that in this religious life, which seemed to me then a quite real and important ingredient of the national life, the principle of authority was still of much weight: *i.e.*, that the existence of authoritative religious teachers, likely to know their par-

ticular business and with a right to impress their doctrine as to belief and conduct on those whose sphere in life was different, was definitely recognized and accepted. Especially that the Ten Commandments and their implications were of very serious import, that "it wouldn't do" to overlook or flout them.

I do not mean to suggest that I, even as a child, imagined contemporary mankind to be vastly supernatural. I am sure that at ten years old I could recognize the truth of such immortal pictures as George Eliot has painted, suggestive of the practical paganism of much farmhouse life. Yet even her Dodsons and Poysers, impregnably respectable, were something better: "unsupernatural" as they were, their respectability had a deeper root than convention, though they may have been little conscious of that root, and the root was the well-remembered, oft-heard, Ten Commandments, whose sanction came, as even Uncle Pullet knew, not from Parliament or the constable, but from "Them as is above," as Dolly Winthrop phrased it, the very shyness of the phrase being rather sensitively humble and unostentatious than really pagan. For Uncle Pullet himself I would urge a plea in extenuation of judgment. George Eliot has nowhere drawn a more perfect likeness of unsupernatural respectability embodied in a prosperous, close-fisted, untender-hearted, money-revering man of no ideas whatever. Yet Uncle Pullet had rectitude; and when he said of the proposed destruction of the bond, "I should think anyone could set the constable on you for it," I believe it was habitual moral sense that was shocked: "the constable" stood with him for something higher than merely penal results, for law, grounded on the Ten Commandments given by God.

George Eliot does not say so. But great writers often tell us more than they mean. No human "creator" of a character ever did all the creating; that has been done before, by another Creator: or it never gets done at all. An author's characters are real because they were not really created by him: once they give us something never made by God they fall into the unreality we instantly are aware of.

Uncle Pullet's idea of a bishop may have been of a sort of baronet who might or not be a clergyman—his natural capacity was for ignorance. But he went to Gareham church every Sunday of his life and heard the Ten Commandments read; even he was conscious, however dumbly, that theft

and fraud were Divinely forbidden: "the constable" was an instrument of divine as well as human punishment. To Uncle Pullet I turned as to an extreme case: George Eliot I cited because her people were the people of the opulent, prosperity-cradled, world-content midlands, among whom my childhood was spent, and to which my earliest impressions of my countrymen belong.

They ate a good deal, and drank a good deal, and saved a good deal: as ideals of the supernatural I should not, even as a child, have pointed to them triumphantly. Yet they had a dumb respect for religion, and the morality it demands. Perhaps they believed, like the Samaritans, they knew not clearly what: in God they did believe, in righteousness and judgment to come.

And now?

A personal impression can be of no greater value than the opportunities of the observer. Mine may be narrow enough; and my accuracy of perception full of fault. But, such as it is, this is the impression. That the English believe less, and obey less. That they are less dazzled by the daring and originality of the unbeliever, less prone to think he must be exceptionally clever—because, whatever degree of "cleverness" unbelief may imply, it is commoner, and they do not find it beyond their own reach or courage. That the Ten Commandments retain much less hold, partly because of a much less universal conviction of their Giver's existence, or at all events of their own Divine origin: and partly because they are less universally heard pronounced, and therefore much less habitually remembered. That there is a much less habitual attendance at public worship, a far greater repulsion from it, a far louder complaint of its tedium, and a far more frequent and graceless refusal to admit its obligation or use. That Sunday is immensely less observed: not because of a clearer perception that all days, and not only one in seven, belong to God, but from a revolt against giving Him even one, or even part of one, in seven. That the Bible is immeasurably less read. And from these two facts (if they be facts) has resulted a much more complete ignoring of God's claim on the life of the nation and of the individual, a great thickening in the obtuseness of the general and national conscience, a more complete emancipation from the dread of punishment, a tougher hardihood in defiance of God's law, and its derivative, man's law. That,

and this, if true, matters most; there is less recognition of the *idea* of goodness: that goodness is less admired, less credited, less generously admitted to be, if difficult, at any rate admirable and desirable: that it is a definite thing, existent if rare: and that it matters to the individual who by hard and patient effort attains some measure of it, and will be crowned by God's approbation and reward. That, on the other side, there is less shame in badness, and more effrontery: probably because badness does not entail the same disgrace: to be lacking good repute is not so disadvantageous, to be disreputable is not so disreputable as it was. That, in brief, the nation is largely less God-fearing, or less man-fearing either.

Plays, books and newspapers seem to me to witness this. There was no Cinema half a century ago: had it then existed I doubt very much if it would have dared what it dares every day now.

If it be suggested, "We are less hypocritical than the Mid-Victorians," I cannot say that the plea strikes me very favourably: not only because I disbelieve in the general hypocrisy of the Victorians, believing, as I do, that your hypocrite is a rare monster, and was as rare then as now: but further because, if at any time people do show a tendency to seem more virtuous than they are, it must be a symptom of that people's regarding virtue as admirable and the lack of virtue to be a plain want and shortcoming: they at least are aware that in vice there is nothing fine, grand, or ornamental. Even to try and hoodwink your neighbour into thinking you more religious than you are, though it certainly is itself the reverse of being religious, shows that you are still in the position of knowing real religion to be a good thing, and worth possessing.

I spoke of my impression that in my childhood there was still extant a strong, if unreasoned, practical recognition of authority in religion: that those whose business in life was to teach and preach religion had some right to their position, and were to be heard. That feeling has, so far as I can judge, faded almost away.

Where those in the same position are borne with at all, it would seem to be for the sake of their ideas, personal and idiosyncratic, rather than for their adherence to the creed they profess. How far this may be the fault of the teachers themselves I do not propose here to inquire: but it does not

seem, at all events, *exclusively* their fault. The hearers themselves are more unwilling to bear teaching, and disposed only to listen with any patience to surmise and conjecture, the more bizarre the more readily heard, originality instead of orthodoxy being the great desideratum in a pulpit.

I hope it will not be assumed that I meant above to state as the *whole* cause of any decadence there may be of religious life and practice among the English, during the period of my memory, their still growing neglect of public worship, of reading the Bible, and of keeping Sunday. It has been during this period that a system of State Education divorced from religious teaching has come into operation and borne its first harvests.

No doubt an enormously larger proportion of the English people are now "literate": that is, are able to read and write. But what do they read? And what is most cheaply and easily accessible for their reading?

"I can't read print," old persons have told me long ago; "I can only read the pictures."

Perhaps it is "the Pictures" in a new sense that old and young read most greedily now. And what that study teaches we know only too well.

As to "print." Which is most illiterate, a people unable to read but accustomed through life to hear large portions of the Scriptures at least weekly, or a people that can read, and does read, only the newspapers of to-day?

But in reality I am not setting out to explain to others causes: my occupation is much less ambitious—to admit the presence in myself of certain impressions; whose presence is neither comforting nor wilful. If a younger generation denies their truth, I may say that, so far as the mere comparison goes, they and I are not so unequally placed after all; for, though it is probable they may know their own generation better than I do, it is certain that I can know that of my youth better than can they.

Their generation will ultimately be what they make it: and if they make it better than what our fathers made that of my earliest recollection, God bless them.

Meanwhile I must say again, in answer to the question put to me, whereto the bulk of this chapter is some attempt at a reply: that, as it seems to me, the unbelief of my early youth was narrowly diffused and academic, the unbelief of to-day much more general and practical.

It will be noted that I have attempted no comparison between the state of Catholicism in England then and now. Because I knew absolutely nothing of that state in my childhood and boyhood. It was not till 1878, when, at the age of twenty, I became a Catholic myself, that I began to know anything of the condition of the Catholic Church in England, her numbers, her energies, or her people.

I have written not about English Catholics but about the English, certainly not Catholic, among whom I lived and whom I knew. Perhaps my memories flatter them: if so a man of sixty-three has still contemporaries enough to correct the balance. But I seem to recall with clear certitude much goodness that has now an archaic tinge about it, virtues of self-respect and rectitude, of right reverence for what is eternally good and admirable, of solid if not adventurous faith, of sturdy if not romantically lofty principle, of reasonableness and justice, of contented, unenvious industry, of submission and deference to law, that somehow strikes to-day as old-fashioned.

In the course of these pages some illustrious names have occurred, but few, for my life has been lived chiefly among those whose names, dear always to me and to their other friends, fame ignores as they themselves would wish. I could much better illustrate the difference between the people of my youth and the people of to-day out of books. George Eliot and Anthony Trollope have crammed their pages with people, as real as any I have known and lived with, absolutely typical of the country gentry and clergy, the farmers and the tradesmen, the labourers and their wives, whom I knew as a child and a young boy. Even my own book, *Gracechurch*, contains immensely more pages from the past than are given in these chapters, and pages, because ostensibly fiction, of far more graphic illustration.

JOHN AYSCOUGH.

[Readers of *The Month* who have found pleasure and entertainment in "John Ayscough's" vivid reminiscences, familiar to them during the past four years and now brought to a close, will be glad to know that "Pages from the Past" will be republished in book form by Messrs. Longmans in January next.—EDITOR.]

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

STOICISM IN THE SPIRITUAL EXERCISES.

WE may take a leaf from the pages of that old geographer, who, having headed a chapter "Of Snakes in Iceland," wrote briefly underneath, "There are no snakes in Iceland." There is no Stoicism in the Spiritual Exercises. Nevertheless, there is what looks like Stoicism. It is easy to read Stoicism into the Spiritual Exercises, and I am afraid that some makers, not to say givers of retreats, do so. First then, what is the Stoicism here in question? The Stoics taught that virtue is the only good, vice the only evil, and that all other things, riches, poverty, health, sickness, knowledge, ignorance, pleasure, pain, friendship, loneliness, life, death, of themselves are neither good nor evil at all. They swerved from this lofty estimate to some extent by allowing that of these things some, though not better, were preferable to others, which, as Cicero says, was a mere juggle of words giving the position away. They called all these things indifferent, and said that their Sage, their model Wise Man, was indifferent to them. Put him on the rack and he would cry: "Why, this is nothing; I don't care for this at all." Still, of two cups of coffee, one warm, the other lukewarm, he would drink the former as "preferable," remaining quite indifferent to both.

Now St. Ignatius also uses this very word "indifference." He tells us that we must make ourselves "indifferent to all created things, so that on our part we should not wish for health rather than sickness, long life rather than short life, but should solely desire and choose those things which may better lead us to the end for which we were created, the service and praise of God." This reads very like saying that there is no such thing as natural good; the only good that counts is the supernatural. Readers of St. Augustine will detect an Augustinian flavour, besides a strong whiff of Stoicism, in this assertion. St. Augustine, we must say, as we shall presently have to say of St. Ignatius, speaks comparatively, not absolutely: just as we might say that God alone

exists, meaning that the existence of creatures, though a true existence of its own, is no existence at all compared with His.

St. Ignatius adds two qualifications to his doctrine of indifference. The first is this, "so far as is left to the liberty of our free will." Now it is not left to the liberty of our free will not to have those stirrings of our sensitive nature which are called feelings, emotions, passions. The sensitive nature, as such, is conversant with things of sense, not with things of the spirit; conversant, that is, with those very things about which St. Ignatius bids us be indifferent. You can never get to perfect indifference in your sensitive nature. Our Lord evidenced that in His Agony in the Garden. True, He had that perfect control over His passions which we can never have; but to show that He does not expect such control of us, He surrendered Himself on that occasion to the passion of Fear. The Stoic Sage was supposed to have extirpated all passion, never to be afraid, never glad, never angry, never desirous. Full of these high professions, a Stoic went to sea, was caught in a storm, got into an abject funk, and became the scorn of an Epicurean fellow-passenger. St. Ignatius does not ban dread of death, horror of disease and destitution, pleasure at a compliment, sensitiveness to insult. Was not our Lord inwardly stung at the insolent cackle of those consequential Pharisees, who demanded of Him,—of Him of all mortals,—"By what authority dost thou do this?" What Ignatius asks is, not that we should not feel, but that we should not be led by feeling.

A further qualification is given by St. Ignatius, "so far as is not forbidden." To say this would be unnecessary to one who perfectly understood St. Ignatius's principle. It is forbidden to empty ourselves out of all interest in the work committed to our charge, forbidden because lack of interest means lack of vigour in work. The work would suffer, the service of God (which is serving our neighbour) would suffer, and so our last end would be less well-fulfilled. "Indifferent," or "detached," does not mean "uninterested": it means "disinterested," which is a widely different thing. The utter absence of selfishness makes room for a vast amount of public spirit.

"Scripture supposes us to have understanding." So writes St. Ignatius, apologizing for his insistence on an apparition of our Risen Saviour which is not mentioned in Scripture, to wit, to His Blessed Mother. And St. Ignatius supposes us

to have understanding also in reading his Spiritual Exercises. It will not do to foist upon them any and every interpretation which the words might possibly bear, but we must interpret them according to the mind of Holy Church, both in philosophy and theology. Now the Church recognizes two orders of things, two kingdoms I will call them, the kingdom of the natural order and the kingdom of the supernatural. Each kingdom has its own goods, and its own hierarchy of precedence in excellence. The natural is not, any more than the supernatural, one dead flat. Health is better than sickness, education than illiterateness, good music, good painting, good architecture, better than the contrary of all these. I dare not say riches are even naturally better than poverty, but anyhow a sufficiency of the things of this life is better than destitution,—as Aristotle in his Ethics wisely lays it down. As he says there, "one need not be lord of earth and sea [as was Alexander] to do the right thing," but naturally and ordinarily speaking, a starveling in a ditch is in a sad plight: it would be a Stoic paradox to deny it. If hunger, destitution, pain, be no evils at all, why commend the seven corporal works of mercy? Why are they good but because they remove evil? Why was our Lord's life full of such works, even to miracle?

The secret, it would seem, is this. The natural order in itself is good, and good for man; in it some things are better, some things worse; there are natural goods and evils, and man does right to prefer the former to the latter. But high over the natural order rises the supernatural, as even in the natural order itself public good rises above private. Private good has not infrequently to be sacrificed to public, and natural good to supernatural. Our volunteer army, Kitchener's army as it was called, that bore the first brunt of the Great War, has left to all posterity a splendid example of men immolating all private advantages upon the altar of their country's good. Life to them was sweet, home comforts dear, wounds painful; but comfort had to be thrown to the winds, and life-blood lavishly poured out, to deliver England from the invader. *Sed miles, sed pro patria*: that was, humanly speaking, the long and short of the matter.

Stoicism then being set aside, this is the meaning of the concluding words of St. Ignatius's Fundamental Principle—"Notwithstanding the natural preference that I have, and rightly have, for health rather than sickness, for riches

[enough to live on] rather than for [abject] poverty, for honour rather than contempt, for long life rather than for short life, I must be ready to throw over all considerations of health, life, money, reputation, when there is question of finding the better service and glory of God, and my own fuller salvation in their contraries."

In this sense the indifference of the Exercises is comparative and practical, not emotional, nor absolute.

An eminent member of the English Province S.J., well known when I was young, used to recount with glee this opening sentence of a retreat to nuns: "My dear Sisters, till you have rooted from your hearts the very last fibres of self-love, you have not yet taken the first step in spiritual life." He used to add: "I doubt whether that good Father had rooted the very last fibres from his own heart." A great check upon a retreat-giver is to reflect within himself how the high sentiment which bursts to his lips works in his own practice, how far he is making any serious effort to carry such principles out in practice. A great check also is a competent acquaintance with philosophy and theology. Such learning does not inspire eloquence, though it furnishes matter for eloquence; but its great use is to prevent eloquence becoming divorced from prudence. Better a dull man than a wild man to give a retreat. Aristotle calls urbanity a "chastened petulance." In a retreat-giver we want a "chastened wildness," impetuosity under the chastening hand of theology and experience. A bishop once remarked to me about ecclesiastical studies: "Get into a candidate for the priesthood all the theology you can; it will at least prevent his saying foolish things." To bring Stoicism into the Spiritual Exercises is a very foolish thing.

JOSEPH RICKABY.

CATHOLICS AND SOCIALISM.

PERHAPS it was not amiss that the Catholic Confederation, meeting at Sheffield at the beginning of last month, should have been persuaded, in spite of the wise and strenuous efforts of its chairman, to pass an omnibus resolution, the effect of which would be, if it had any effect, to cause a cleavage between the Church in this country and the working-classes which she is so eager to reach and help. For the passing of this resolution has aroused such a widespread pro-

test from other Catholics that the claim of the Confederation to represent Catholic opinion, no less than its right to declare Catholic teaching, has been effectively repudiated. As has been already pointed out in this periodical,¹ the Catholic Confederation, like the League of Nations, is as yet a misnomer: it includes only a moiety of the Catholic societies: it has no mandate to speak for the Catholic body as a whole. And whatever force its resolution may seem to have had, is enormously discounted by the revelation that, out of the seventy-two votes at the meeting, fifty-five belonged to a single Federation, that of Salford. And so indirectly what we consider an ill-judged action and an ill-founded claim may do good if they call the attention of Catholics once again to their long-continued lack of proper organization and stirs them up to consolidate in a body which does adequately represent them. We venture to think that a Confederation, rightly entitled to the name, would not have pronounced so dogmatically on a question which the Hierarchy have still under consideration, nor, as a body from which politics are rigidly excluded, have attacked in the name of Catholicism one of the political parties of the State.

The question at issue is the old one regarding the compatibility of the Faith with the doctrines of Socialism, a question which can never be decided dogmatically until the word Socialism becomes capable of and has received a fixed and permanent definition. In one sense it is perfectly true that no Catholic can be a Socialist, just as in one sense it is true that no Catholic can be a Capitalist. In other words, both terms can be defined in such a way as to involve the denial of Catholic dogma, and therefore it is futile to condemn one or the other unless your condemnation is accompanied by a clear statement of the sense in which you understand it. Nor is it to the point to quote what Popes or Hierarchies have hitherto said about Socialism, without making clear to what particular doctrines they give the name. It is much safer and wiser to set forth the positive Catholic doctrine as to the right of private ownership, the rights of the family, the rights of conscience and of worship, all of which are directly or implicitly rejected by several forms of Socialism. If these fundamental rights are clearly understood and defined, it will be easy to determine whether any

¹ *E.g.* in "Catholic Confederation," July, 1918: "After the Congress," September, 1920.

particular species of Socialism is in accord with them or not.¹

It would better serve the cause of Christianity at this crisis, even though erroneous social theories are being more widely ventilated than ever, if Catholics would devote themselves to exposing and denouncing those results of that abuse of natural rights from which Socialism takes its rise and its force,—the grinding of the faces of the poor, the defrauding of the worker, the callousness of the rich and educated, the mad pursuit of vicious pleasure, the Mammon-worship which is rapidly disintegrating our civilization, the jingoism which is patriotism gone rotten, and the rank injustice which permeates industrial dealings. A stern denunciation of such abuses as these would have been more in harmony with the other admirable resolutions on education, divorce, birth-control, and various social evils, passed by the Confederation, and would have sounded a clear and stirring call to Catholics to be worthy of the Faith entrusted to them and take their share in saving civilization.

J. K.

THE BLOOD OF ST. JANUARIUS.

A REFERENCE to the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, which occurs in the October number of the *Hibbert Journal*, suggests that it may be worth while to recall to memory a curiously interesting but almost forgotten English description of the "miracle" belonging to the close of the seventeenth century. The Rev. T. R. R. Stebbing, F.R.S., the writer of the article in the *Hibbert*, cites the statement of a Dr. Newton Williams, a medical friend of his, to the effect that the miracle of St. Januarius is worked by the use of a mixture of ox-bile and crystals of Glauber's salt. Dr. Williams declares that several years ago in Naples he visited the Municipal Hospital to call upon an American gentleman who was in charge of the hospital dispensary.

While there, a young acolyte from the Cathedrale di San Gennaro (*sic*) came in and asked the pharmacist for the usual mix-

¹ All Catholic economists, as for instance, Devas, *Political Economy*, pp. 514 sqq., Parkinson, *A Primer of Social Science*, pp. 141 sqq., Ryan, *Distributive Justice*, pp. 158 sqq., show what are the moral limitations to socialistic theory. Cf. also two illuminating pamphlets, *Between Capitalism and Socialism*, by Dr. P. Coffey, and *How far may a Catholic agree with Socialists?* by J. E. Canavan, S.J. (C.T.S. of Ireland.)

ture for use at the feast which was to take place the next day (the first Saturday in May). With a smile and a few words of banter the pharmacist prepared a mixture of ox-bile and crystals of Glauber's salt (sulphate of soda), and keeping the written message, handed it to the messenger to take back to the cathedral sacristy. After thus dismissing the acolyte, the practical pharmacist simply remarked to me that miracles took place nowadays, and this one was prepared in a hospital pharmacy with very satisfactory results. The next morning the pharmacist and myself sat in a café and watched the solemn procession of the liquefied blood from the church of Santa Chiara on its way to the cathedral.

We do not propose to discuss the many improbable and incredible features in this story further than to ask how the explanation of the miracle thus suggested will fit in with the following account of the liquefaction which occurs in the correspondence of James Drummond, fourth Earl of Perth, a convert to Catholicism, who went into exile with his master James II. He visited Naples in 1695, and writing to his Protestant sister, the Countess of Erroll, he gives this description of his experiences in the Cathedral of San Gennaro:

The twentieth of January we were invited to goe see Saint Gennaro's church, and the reliques were to be showed me, a favour none under sovereign princes has had these many years. They are kept in a large place in the wall (such as we call boules,¹) with an iron door to it plated over with silver; it has two strong locks, one key is kept by the cardinal-archbishop, and the other by the senate. Every one of the six ruling governors of the senate (or the deputies of the seggie) has a key, to the great iron chest where the key of the armoire of the relicks lyes; so that all the six must agree to let them be seen, except the two ordinary times in the year when they stand exposed eight days, and the senate and bishop must both agree, for without both concurr only one lock can be opened. They had got the bishop's consent for me, but how to gett all the deputies of the nobility and the elect of the people to concurr was the difficulty; however, my friends gott the deputies to resolve to meet; three mett, but one said, "I have a friend a dying, upon whom depends my fortune; he has called me at such an hour, it is now so near approaching that I hope the stranger prince (for so they call all the peers of Brittain) will forgive me if I go away." They who were there begged him to stay but a moment (for they must be altogether) but he could not delay.

¹ Recesses or closets. Ed.

So going down he mett the other three deputies below, and said that he saw God and his saint had a mind I should see the miracle, and so he returned, and I gott an invitation to go to church. The relicks are exposed in a noble chapell upon the Epistle side of the church, lyned with marble, the cupola richly painted, as is all that is not marble of the walls. Ten curious statues of saints, patrons of the town, done at full length, bigger than the naturall, of coppar, stand round the chappell high from the floors, and statues, to the knees of silver, just as big, of the same saints, stand below them. The face of the altar is of massy silver cutt in statues of mezzo-relievo, or rising quite out from the front, with the history of Cardinal Carraffo's bringing back the saint's head to Naples. The musick was excellent, and all the dukes and princes who were deputies must be present. They placed me in the first place, gave me that title they gave the Vice-Roy (Excelenza), and used me with all possible respect. The first thing was done was, the archbishop-cardinal, his viccar general, in presence of a nottary and witnesses, opened his lock; then the Duca de Fiumaria, in name of all the princes present, opened the city's lock, and the old thesaurer of the church (a man past eighty) stept up upon a ladder covered with crimson velvet, and made like a staire, and first took out the Saint's head, put a rich mitre upon it, an archbishop's mantle about the shoulders of the statue (for the head is in the statue of the saint), and a rich collar of diamonds with a large cross about its neck. Then he went back and took out the blood, after haveing placed the head upon the Gospele side of the altar. It is in a glass, flatt and round like the old-fashioned vinegar-glasses that were double, but it is but single. The blood was just like a piece of pitch clotted and hard in the glass. They brought us the glass to look upon, to kiss, and to consider before it was brought near unto the head. Then they placed it upon the other end of the altar, called the Epistle side, and placed it in a rich chasse of silver gilt, putting the glass so in the middle as that we could see through it, and then begun the first mass; at the end the old thesaurer came, took out the glass, moved it to and fro, but no liquifaction; thus we past the second likeways, only the thesaurer sent the abbat Pignatelli, the Pope's nearest cousin, to me to bid me take courage, for he saw I begun to be somewhat troubled, not so much for my own disappointment (for I thank God that, did our Lord speak to me, I would not believe the truth of the Catholic religion more firmly than I do), but because the miracle never faills but some grievous affliction comes upon the city and kingdom, and I began to reflect that I haveing procured the favour of seeing the relicks and the miracle failling they might be offended at me, though very unjustly. After the third mass no change appeared but that which had made the thesaurer send

me word to take courage, viz. the blood begune to grow of a true sanguine collour; but when the nobles and all the people saw the fourth mass past the Gospell and no change, you would have heard nothing but weeping and lamenting, and all crying, Mercy, good Lord! pitty your poor supplicants, holy Saint Genaro, our glorious patron! pray for us that our blessed Saviour would not be angry with us! It would have moved a heart of stone to have seen the countenances of all, both clergy and people, such a consternation appeared as if they had all been already undone. For my part, at sea, at receiving the blessed Sacrament in my sickness when I thought to expire, I never prayed with more fervency than I did to obtain of our Lord the favour of the blood's liquification, and God is witness that I prayed that our Lord would give me this argument towards the conversion of my poor Sister; that I might say I had seen a miracle, which her teachers say are ceased. The fourth mass ended without our haveing the consolation we were praying for, and then all begun to be in despair of succeeding, except a very few, who still continued praying with all imaginary fervour. You may judge that sitting three and a half hours on the cold marble had made my knees pretty sore; but I declare I felt no exterior pain, so fixed were my thoughts upon the desire of being heard in my prayers. About the elevation in time of the fifth mass the old thesaurer, who was at some distance looking upon the glass, cry'd out, Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto, and run to the glass, and brought it to me. The blood had liquified so naturally as to the color and consistency that no blood from a vein could appear more lively. I took the relick in my arms, and with tears of joy kissed it a thousand times, and gave God thanks for the favour with all the fervor that a heart longing with expectation, and full of pleasure for being heard, could offer up; and, indeed, if I could as clearly describe to you what I felt, as I am sure that it was somewhat more than ordinary, I needed no other argument to make you fly into the bosome of our dearest mother, the Church, which teaches us (what I saw) that God is wonderfull in his saints. The whole people called out to heaven with acclamations of praise to God, who had taken pitty of them; and they were so pleased with me for haveing said betwixt the masses that I was only grieved for the city, and not troubled at my not being so privileged as to see the miracle, that the very commonest sort of the people smiled to me as I passed along the streets. I heard the sixth mass in thanksgiving. And now I have described to you one of the hapiest forenoons of my life, the reflection of the which I hope shall never leave me, and I hope it may one day be a morning of benediction to you too; but this must be God's work. The Pricipe Palo, a man of principal quality, came to me at the end

of the sixth mass, and, in the name of all the nobility, gave me the saint's picture, stamp'd on satine, and a silver lace about it. It is an admirable thing to see blood, shed upwards of one thousand three hundred years ago, liquify at the approach to the head. The Roman lady, who had gathered it from off the ground with a sponge, had in squeezing of it into the glass lett a bitt of straw fall in too, which one sees in the blood to this very day.¹

We are far from pronouncing that the phenomenon thus described is of necessity miraculous. More than one possible explanation has been suggested. Still if this account in any way corresponds with the facts—and both the details so profusely given and the writer's whole tone in the other letters of the correspondence make a very favourable impression of veracity—it is difficult to understand how "the usual mixture" can have been provided, on this occasion at least, either by an American pharmacist or any other person, cleric or secular.

H. T.

II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

The Silesia Decision.

There is little profit in trying to glean from the daily press any coherent or accurate account of Continental happenings. More than ever the newspaper has become an organ not of truth but of propaganda, merely reflecting the views of proprietor or party. Some papers are pro-German, some pro-French, whilst in some a general anti-Catholic bias serves to modify these tendencies. The case of Silesia illustrates what we say. There are organs which can see nothing good in the action or policy of Poland, there are others which still think that Germany can and ought to be crushed. According to their bias is their judgment of the division of Upper Silesia suggested by the League of Nations Committee, accepted apparently by Poland but so strongly disliked in Germany as to cause a ministerial crisis. We do not know whether justice has been done or not. The Committee shows itself careful to minimize disturbance of existing rights, but where business interests and nationalities are so inextricably mingled the only workable solution is friendship and good will on both sides. When one considers how extra-national commerce has become, how the French are economically strong in this country, the British in that, the Germans in another, how common are banks and firms with shareholders in many different

¹ Printed in *Letters of James Earl of Perth*, pp. 98—102. (Camden Society, 1845.)

States, the fiction that national prosperity requires that the property of the citizen should be in his own territory is seen to be untenable. Let Germans and Poles on either side of the line of partition recognize that their economic interests are the same, and that their welfare depends on their working in harmony, and the direction of that line becomes of comparatively little account. All the trouble and apprehension are due to the permanence of the old stupid war mentality that looks upon material resources primarily as a means of military strength and despairs of security, except in a display of force. It may be that the establishment of this new frontier, incapable of being defended in a military sense, may bring about that sensible reliance on mutual interest and good will that keeps Spain and Portugal, for instance, friends, although from the militarist standpoint the smaller Power is absolutely at the mercy of the greater.

**Reparations
neither Expedient
nor Economical.**

If the effect of the Silesian decision is to make Germany relatively poorer a clear case exists for a modification of the reparations demand, which, as we have more than once pointed out, is the main cause of the persistence of international unrest and national unemployment. One does not invade the domain of *la haute politique* in suggesting that in order to recover your money from a destitute debtor you must do all you can to help him to become solvent again. The policy pursued by the Allies under the influence of a desire to punish has had the contrary effect, and cheap production in Germany has stifled much of our export trade. Consequently we have lost more, as Mr. McKenna declared in Chicago the other day, through the unemployment of our millions of workers than we can ever hope to get in reparation from Germany for the next thirty years. Hence a general and growing feeling that the Allies' war-debts, a heavy charge upon industry, should be mutually cancelled. It would be cheaper for us to stimulate Franco-British trade by remitting France's indebtedness than to exact interest, keep France poor and intensify our own poverty. And that for exactly the same reason as applies to the German debt. The economics of the matter are so simple and elementary, the interdependence of nations for the means of livelihood such an obvious fact, that nothing but the fog of war-hatred could have blinded men to it for so long. A letter to *The Times* (October 25th) from Sir A. Steel-Maitland, a prominent Conservative, shows that fog to be gradually lifting. He pleads that "the actual consequences of the reparations payments as at present fixed should be squarely faced"; shows that Germany must undersell us to live at all—"There is no escape from this conclusion,"—and ends with the salutary reflection—"It is always unpleasant to admit a past mis-

take, but, if one has been made, it is better to face the unpleasantness and to remedy it as soon as possible." The only fault about this common-sense admission is that it is nearly three years overdue.

**Crime and Folly
in
Hungary.**

The latest attempt of the ex-King of Hungary to regain his throne is stigmatized by *The Times* as "criminal and foolish," and it is so in the highest degree. At a time when peace is the supreme necessity for Europe, to start a new war in pursuit of a miserable personal ambition argues a degree of fatuity almost incredible. The causes of war are numerous enough and will take long to extirpate, but we hoped that the last had been heard of Legitimism in European politics. If the ex-King had responded to the practically unanimous demand of his ex-subjects, there would be no grounds of complaint. Nations are as free to have Kings as they are to have Presidents. But a mad military adventure like the *Putsch* of last week, engineered in the hope that the divergent views of the Allies would compel the recognition of a *fait accompli*, indicates to what lengths of irresponsible folly men will go under the spur of selfish interest. We are allowed to know very little about Hungarian politics: in common with the other small States which have resulted from the war, it has shown militaristic tendencies, *e.g.*, by the occupation of the Burgenland: it shares in the economic disaster which has overtaken Central Europe, and which is accentuated by the foolish tariff-warfare indulged in by its constituent States. It has been deprived, in the interests of the border nationalities, of millions of its own subjects—a wrong which must ultimately be righted. It is at present governed by a sort of dictator, Admiral Horthy,—whether well or ill there is no certain information to show. But the forceful return of a King who would have to maintain his power by force would immeasurably increase the unrest in Hungary and beyond its borders.

**Imperialism
the Curse of
Humanity.**

Lord Hugh Cecil in an eloquent letter to *The Times* (October 10th) laid the blame of the world's unrest on an over-development of the spirit of nationalism, which he roundly stigmatized as "the curse of Europe." As at present developed it seems to him to involve a hatred of other nationalities and a desire to grow great at their expense. Patriotism sanctions as many crimes as Liberty: every nation is chanting its own variation of *Deutschland über Alles*. Consequently, the first condition of European peace is the regulating of this passion of patriotism, which is as ungoverned in this country as in any other. The writer would have been better understood if he had given

excessive nationalism its true name and called it imperialism. It is imperialism, the desire to dominate other nations for one's own particular interest, that is the curse of Europe and of the world. Imperialism springs from racial conceit, a persuasion of all-round superiority over other races, a consequent contempt for others and for their rights. It is the arrogance of the individual immeasurably multiplied by its expression in the community. It has led to a perversion of moral values, a condonation of injustice, a setting of the supposed public interest above the moral law. European diplomacy has been poisoned with it from time immemorial: it is still the guiding principle of international dealings and the prolific seed-plot of war. Lord Hugh Cecil makes an empty distinction in suggesting that "not the love of money but the love of country is the root of all evil." If "love of country" means "love of one's country's material interests" to the neglect of her reputation for truth, justice and honourable dealing, then it is the same thing as that *πλεονεξία*, that greed for unjust gain, which in one way or another inspires all wrong doing. Let the public opinion of Europe denounce imperialism as a crime against humanity, let the great Powers clear their own characters of any suspicion of preferring self-interest to justice, and then and thus show the lesser nationalities how to behave, and so pave the way to stable peace.

**The
Washington
Conference.**

The chance of getting out of the old evil grooves of racial antagonism, so deplorably missed by the framers of the Versailles Treaty, is presented again to the disillusioned world by the Washington Conference on Disarmament, which opens on November 11th. The failure of Versailles is measured by the fact that three years after the Armistice and the practical annihilation of what was supposed to be the one militaristic Power in the world and the cause of militarism in all the rest, the nations have not yet begun to seek security by union instead of a competition in force. A fortnight before the Conference Great Britain lays down three colossal battleships and is already building fourteen other war-vessels, whilst the United States is building 69 new ships and Japan 85. And as there are no other possible rivals, these great Powers are building frankly against one another. One would have thought that the atmosphere of the Conference would be more helpful and economy better consulted if construction had been suspended until its result was known, but apparently it must go forward with that handicap. It is an occasion of the highest moment for the world's future and may well engage the fervent prayers of all Christians, for on its issue depends whether the great Powers will make a definite and final break with the old ruinous and ineffective system,

which cruelly burdened times of peace and only deferred war to make it more terrible when it came, or whether the godless struggle for economic advantage, waged first by tariffs and then by guns, will start afresh to the ruin of present and future generations. If the Powers are still inspired by the idea that national security must depend on national effort and not on international agreement, Washington will be a disastrous failure. Mental disarmament, it has been well said, is a necessary preliminary to material disarmament. The economic interdependence of the nations of the world, which the present unemployment crisis must bring home to the dullest, effectively destroys the old fallacies of self-sufficiency and self-reliance, and should suggest co-operation in defence as well as in commerce. We are members one of another, and all interested in freeing the world from the disease of war.

**A Eugenist
Fallacy.**

Nothing is more common than to find political writers asserting that this or that country is being over-populated, that it needs room to expand, that consequently it must find or take

more territory to accommodate its surplus, that wars are therefore almost, if not quite, inevitable. There are at least two unproved assumptions behind such statements as these, the first being that emigrants must necessarily settle somewhere under their own flag, and the second that an over-pressure of population on the soil is actually experienced in any modern country. No evidence is ever offered in support of either of these assumptions, which are common to writers of every school, although the first is disproved by the history of the United States, and the second implicitly denies the action of Divine Providence. The need of Germany to expand was one of the alleged causes of the Great War, although, for years before, emigration from Germany had become a mere trickle, in spite of the fact that the whole world lay open to settlers of that race. And now the politicians, inspired by the eugenists, are dwelling upon the pitiable plight of the Japanese with their 60 million of people cooped up in a few comparatively small islands. A wild writer in the *Daily Herald* (October 26th), who calls himself "Deucalion," is aghast at the prospect of an over-populated world, that spectacle which is the bogey of all good eugenists and birth-controllers. "What [the Washington Conference] ought to be discussing," he writes, "is the limitation of babies. . . . The Pacific question is, essentially, a question of how four persons are to be supported on a piece of ground that afforded a mere margin of starvation for their two parents," and so on, without the slightest attempt to produce evidence that the Japanese cannot find sufficient livelihood on their fertile soil and teeming seas,

or that that country cannot support if necessary double its population. The fallacies started by Malthus a century ago are still reiterated by Dean Inge, his appropriate successor, and still dominate the mind of the materialist, although never yet verified in human experience. In fact, such observations as have been made seem to point to the existence of a natural law whereby the birth-rate varies with the death-rate, indicating that great fertility is merely "Nature's" way of counteracting unnecessary deaths.¹ Improve conditions in Japan so that the swarming multitude of destitute workers can bring up healthy children, and the birth-rate will automatically fall. The possibility of a law of this sort was dimly apprehended by Spencer, Mr. Pell is satisfied from his own observations that it exists, but it cannot yet be said to be established. But whatever be the case, it would be impious to think that the Almighty has not made some provision against the supposed danger of over-population, and has left His creatures no remedies save the crime of aggressive war or of artificial birth-control.

**Mental
Disarmament.**

The required "mental disarmament" will more easily be achieved if the Washington Conference faces frankly and steadily what war will mean in the future. Everyone knows that it will be waged against the civilian populations. The readiness with which the indiscriminate bombing of villages with gas-shells from aeroplanes has been adopted by the British forces in dealing with hostile tribes shows that the military mind will no longer recognize any restrictions, whether in regard to weapon used or people attacked, in future conflicts. "Frightfulness" as a means of breaking morale will be looked on by all as a legitimate policy. Prussia has debased and brutalized warfare for all time. It is impossible to debar from use any weapon which science has discovered or may yet elaborate. When aeroplanes became practicable, an attempt was made to rule them out of warfare, but in vain. There is now not even an attempt to restrict the use of poison-gas: in fact, the possibilities of chemical warfare are being eagerly explored by the war-departments of every nation. Will it be possible to limit armaments of this description? Not assuredly without the adoption of a policy of co-operation between States and the abandonment of that economic war which is ever provoking and demanding the other; and not until the talk of war's necessity, so freely indulged in by the professional soldiers, is regarded as criminal and immoral. What good purpose is served by General Branner, late head of the British Air Force, addressing the Y.M.C.A. (of all people!) and saying: "In five years' time instinct tells me there will be another war. There will

¹ See *The Law of Births and Deaths*, by C. E. Pell. Fisher Unwin (1921).

be no declaration. It will start by a sudden aerial attack."¹ It only needs frequent repetition of such "instinctive" forebodings to bring about what is dreaded, and effectually prevent any voluntary disarmament. As for preventing military preparations by force, for weeks past *The Times* has been filled with alarmist articles on Germany's vast and secret plans for renewing her military strength, articles which may or may not have a basis in fact, but which show how futile any attempt at disarmament by force is bound to be. German militarism will not be cured by the continued exhibition of militarism by the other Powers.

**The Workers
are
Against War.**

The Washington Conference will face these facts only if the people whom it represents insist on its doing so. Labour Congresses are vocal, as they always are, in denouncing armaments and warfare. But labour in every country is employed by the thousand in making preparations for war. The International Working Women's Congress at Geneva declared itself on Oct. 25 in favour of total disarmament. The International Federation of Trade Unions, which will sit simultaneously with the Washington Conference, is to discuss working-class action for the prevention of war. But there is little sign that the *bourgeoisie* of the various countries are alive to the danger and anxious to avert it. The old fallacy that war is inevitable still befogs and hypnotizes the modern mind, and the constant discussion of war preparations, joined to the influence of the many whose financial interests are promoted by war, calls for vigorous counter-action on the part of those who think that war can be abolished in its causes. The educational work of the "League of Nations Union" must be greatly extended if this and future generations are to be got out of the deep grooves of the past.

**Home versus
Foreign Markets.**

The chief cause of war is economic, the supposed necessity for each Power, for the sake of its citizens, to secure free access to, or if possible a monopoly of, foreign markets. So oddly is the commercial world arranged, or rather into what chaos has it fallen, that everywhere we see traders trying to sell abroad goods which are sadly needed at home, but which cannot be purchased there because of poverty. One would think that the United States, with its hundred millions of people, could consume practically all its own products. But there are some twelve or fourteen millions in America, the unemployed and their dependents, whose destitution keeps them out of the home market. They cannot afford to pay the cost of the goods produced. The chief task before the statesmen of each industrial nation is how

¹ Speech in London, October 6th.

to restore purchasing power to its own citizens, and thus develop and stabilize the home market. If industry could find an adequate return at home, it would not need to compete abroad, with battleships behind it, for the markets of the world. At any rate, the producers of necessary goods, food, fuel, clothing, shelter, should not need to seek an outlet for their produce in foreign countries whilst millions are in want of it at home. People sometimes look upon unemployment, as they look on war, as unavoidable, the necessary concomitant of the wage-system, and that persuasion has hitherto proved a block to any real progress. But the growth and persistence of the phenomenon call for a deeper study of its causes. No State can be thought prosperous or well-governed wherein all the citizens cannot find decent means of livelihood. This country has chosen to depend for its existence on what the foreigner can afford to pay for its products, and so when the foreigner becomes poor, the native, too, has to suffer. Yet there is abundance of natural wealth in England¹ to support in comfort its present population, and much more than its present population. What statesmanship has to consider, and what statesmanship entangled in the capitalist wage-system has never yet considered, is how to enable the inhabitants of England to live and prosper on their own land. Statesmen have not yet taken in hand the social reconstruction which the war showed to be necessary. They have been content to let things fall back into the old grooves. The task, it may be, was too great for any group of men, preoccupied as they were by important affairs abroad, but now it cannot brook delay.

The Irish Conference.

The Irish Conference, on which such momentous issues hang, is still proceeding as we write, in spite of journalistic alarms. The fervent prayers of both nations will be needed to bring it to a successful issue. The Conference is said, in that phrase so dear to a generation which worships words rather than realities, to be "seeking for a formula," which shall appear to reconcile two contradictory conceptions, viz., that of a nation free but held captive by force, and that of a nation owing allegiance to another Power and trying to cast it off. No one, we presume, imagines that Ireland wants to pursue an entirely independent destiny. Her material interests dictate a close commercial connection with England, her security demands an intimate military understanding with the more powerful nation, inter-marriage and innumerable friendly ties have laid through the centuries the foundations of a strong alliance between the peoples, the two nations are intermingled in all the public services at home

¹ Since 1918, 813,736 acres of wheat and 967,951 acres of oats have been allowed to go out of cultivation !

and in the free Dominions abroad—everything, in fact, suggests that the first action of a free Ireland would be to enter as a willing partner into the Commonwealth of Nations known as the British Empire. Then, vastly older than all of them and more populous than many, she could develop, unhampered for the first time in her history by interference from outside, her own national genius. However, the Premier, whatever his personal views are, could not, unauthorized by Parliament, declare Ireland free, even for five minutes, and Parliament as at present composed, and no other that is likely to come into being in the near future, would sanction her severance from the Crown of Britain. So the free association of Ireland with the Commonwealth will not be logically brought about: she cannot freely enter if she is not free to remain outside. But how would it be to *assume* that she has freely entered, and negotiate with her on that basis? It would be a legal fiction, but legal fictions are sometimes the strongest of realities and determine human arrangements of the greatest importance.

Calendar Reform.

We note with interest that the proposed scheme of Calendar Reform, which a strong International Committee of Astronomers is to discuss next April at the Vatican, corresponds ex-

actly with that outlined in our pages in June, 1920, by Mr. Francis Benett, Lector in English at Fribourg University. Mr. Benett sent his proposals, which postulate New Year's Day as a *dies non*, leaving the rest of the year to be evenly divided into four quarters of thirteen weeks each, to the Vatican some time ago, where apparently they have found acceptance. In this scheme Easter Sunday, the date which determines so many others, religious, scholastic, legal and commercial, is fixed for April 14th, the second Sunday in the month.

In this connection it is curious to notice the idea, shared even by educated people like Sir Herbert Stephen,¹ that there is something dishonest about putting the clock back or forward to suit our convenience; an idea which regards the association of the hour of twelve with the arrival of the sun at the meridian as something more than a mere convention. Of course the whole division of time, as we know it, is arbitrary. The putting of the clock forward in the Spring is simply a device to get the community as a whole to rise one hour earlier, with the least possible disturbance of their daily routine: it would not be necessary if the community were not composed of free individuals not likely to agree on the same course of action unless directed by authority. It is probably the greatest interference to which the community would submit, otherwise the suggestion of a *Times* correspondent to return to ordinary time from the end of May to mid-July, so

¹ Letter to *The Times*, October 14th.

as to procure for children their normal amount of sleep, would seem worth adopting.

**Mr. Stutfield
and
the Jesuits.**

The desire to associate an opponent with an unpopular name has led Mr. Hugh Stutfield, whose methods were so effectively exposed in last month's issue by Father Vassall-Phillips, to imply if not to assert that St. Alphonsus Liguori was to all intents and purposes a Jesuit,¹ and so the Society must share in the immorality which Mr. Stutfield, seemingly incapable of judging for himself and therefore grossly misled by his authorities, has read into his teaching. It is to be hoped that, having had his errors pointed out to him, this author will remove them from his forthcoming book even at the sacrifice of what he probably thinks entertaining reading: the matter will be a test of his literary honesty. Father Phillips did not think it necessary to answer the article as a whole, nor do we. Mr. Stutfield purports to give "a brief sketch of the Order and its principles," though an imperfect one, but his seven or eight pages do not contain even an imperfect sketch, but only a confused argument to the effect that so much evil has been said about the Jesuits both by Catholics and outsiders, which furthermore is corroborated by the dictionary definition of Jesuitism, that there must be some grounds for it! Of course the same might be said about the Church herself, which has been maligned by her disloyal, disobedient and apostate children from the beginning. "Ye shall be hated of *all* because of My Name," said the Saviour to the Apostles. "A man's enemies are those of his own household." So something more substantial than the ill-will of the world must be alleged before the Society can be fairly condemned. It is not the volume of evidence but its quality that counts. As for the principles of the Society which Mr. Stutfield "sketches," we can find no mention of them in his article, unless he refers to those moral maxims which, as Father Vassall-Phillips points out, he does not understand, and by misinterpreting which he only makes himself ridiculous.

**Try First-hand
Evidence.**

The common error of Mr. Stutfield and his like is to study the character of an institution in the writings of its avowed adversaries, and to take no stock of what itself or its friends have to say in defence. The unfairness of this procedure it is impossible to bring home to them, and so year by year, fathered by zealots like Mr. Kensit and Mr. Maxse, the stale old charges are re-

¹ "With regard to Liguori . . . I may mention that he was not actually a member of the Jesuit Order." *National Review*, Sept. p. 62.

peated.¹ Mr. Stutfield is good enough to say that "such Jesuits as I have known do not appear to be the Machiavellian geniuses of Protestant imagination but pleasant-spoken, zealous, fairly hard-working men." Does it not occur to him that if he tried to get first-hand acquaintance with the Institute itself he might be similarly disillusioned?

**The Menace
of the
Millionaire.**

Instances of the mal-distribution of wealth which, be it remarked, not only causes destitution and degradation amongst the wage-earners but give to the excessively rich power over their

fellows divorced from responsibility, are constantly recorded in the press. We are told, for instance, that Herr Stinnes, the German multi-millionaire, controls no fewer than 1,340 companies, with about a million and a half of employes. That cannot be healthy for Germany. Writing of America just before the war Father Husslein states ²—"In the United States sixty per cent of the wealth was owned by two per cent of the population, whilst at the other end of the social scale sixty-five per cent of the population representing the labor element, the main factor in the production of wealth, possessed no more than five per cent of the riches of the land." In a book called "Dynastic America and those who own it," a certain Mr. H. H. Klein shows that the war has established in the States an "economic dynasty" consisting of a few men who, as heads of the great corporations and banks, oil and copper trusts, railroads, packing companies, coal owners, steel producers, sway the fortunes of millions of their fellow-countrymen with a despotic power unknown in history.³ Is it realized that in England financial credit and therefore the control of industry is almost wholly in the hands of five great banks which are beyond the control not only of labour but of capital as well, and of the Government itself? In other words, the community whose industry creates credit has nothing to say to its use. True democracy is impossible under such a system.

¹ The phenomenon was familiar to Pope :

Who shames a scribbler ? Break one cobweb through
He spins the slight self-pleasing web anew.
Destroy his fib or sophistry : in vain !
The creature's at his dirty work again.

Epistle to Arbuthnot.

See also "A Type of Protestant Mentality," *THE MONTH*, Feb., 1920, p. 166.

² *The World Problem* (1918), pp. 4-5.

³ "There is no possible defence of a system which permits the accumulation of mountainous fortunes by a few clever and often highly unscrupulous financiers, who hold in their hands the fate of millions of their fellows." *Ibid.*, p. 4.

**Misconceptions
of
Catholicism.**

It is curious how good and earnest men can continue to misunderstand the Catholic position although knowledge of what Catholics believe is so easily to be attained. Here, for instance, is an utterance by the Rev. A. J. Viner, Chairman of the Congregational Union. Speaking at Bristol on October 5th he said: "The greatest and most consistent of all the Churches that represent authority in religion is the Roman Catholic Church. I speak of it with the greatest respect, but when a discovery in nature or history is established by all the laws of evidence as beyond dispute, it is the word of the Church not the laws of evidence that settles the question." We suppose that the Rev. Chairman had the common Protestant view of the Galileo case in his mind when he spoke thus, but we should like to know when and where the Church has ever decided any question "established as beyond dispute by all the laws of evidence" in defiance of these laws. Sir Bertram Windle has written a large book in vain if he has not shown in *The Church and Science* that God's revelation through the Church does not and cannot contradict His revelation in Nature. It is the crudest of all misconceptions to suppose that faith contradicts reason, however it may transcend it.

Another failure to realize that the Church is a Fold and not a mere Federation, and that reliance on an infallible authority is the source of her Unity, is evidenced in the offer of the Bishop of Woolwich early in October to submit to conditional ordination at the hands of the Catholic authorities if such a step would promote reunion. All honour to the Bishop for that self-sacrificing proposal, which is a token of immense good will, but the stubborn fact remains that unless he could show that he had been validly ordained according to the Catholic rite he would have to receive absolute ordination, and that, as a preliminary to that step, he would have to become a Catholic. The whole question was discussed in this periodical just a year ago in an article by Father S. Smith,¹ who showed that "re-ordination" is the obstacle to reunion amongst the Protestant sects, and *a fortiori* to reunion with Rome.

**Truth and
Logic.**

A more pitiable case still of misunderstanding is that exhibited by Dr. Charles Gore, late Bishop of Oxford, a man universally respected for intellectual honesty and fearless advocacy of Christian principles. At a meeting of the E.C.U. on the occasion of the Birmingham Congress, Dr. Gore boldly and emphatically denounced the heresy rampant in the Anglican Establishment. No Catholic could have been more stern and decisive. But then, as though to anticipate what many must have thought

¹ "Presbyter or Priest?" THE MONTH, NOV. 1920.

the logical issue of his denunciation, the severance of his communion with an heretical body, he uttered these pathetic words,—“I myself am not capable of being a Roman Catholic.” This of course we interpret to mean that Dr. Gore has not yet had that intellectual conviction of the truth of the Church's claims which is amongst the *præambula fidei*. He was doubtless sincere in his statement and the more to be pitied. We meet such earnest yet benighted souls every day. But he went on to say—“I am quite sure the Roman Catholic Church requires of any of its members adhesion to propositions which I am certain are unauthorized, untrue, and unhistorical.” It is the latter certitude which we venture to think makes Dr. Gore's case pitiable. He owns himself a member of a Church which is heretical, not because one or other of its members, even of its official dignitaries, hold heretical views, but because that Church cannot authoritatively state what is heretical and therefore cannot cut off heretical members—yet the only option before him is to join another heretical Church, a Church which demands adhesion to propositions which are “unauthorized, untrue, and unhistorical,” —“unauthorized,” we presume, by Christ, and therefore not speaking in Christ's name: “untrue and unhistorical,” therefore not a witness to Christ's truth. In fact, in Dr. Gore's view there *is* no Church of Christ: such is the outcome of his private judgment.

Another ex-Bishop of the Establishment, Dr. Welldon, Dean of Durham, finds a more logical way out of the dilemma. He is reported to have said in his Cathedral recently, apropos of the Modernists' denial of Christ's Godhead, “I think their theory is wrong, *but it may be right*. Time will show. I do not wish to excommunicate Modern Churchmen.” On his principles the Dean is right in remaining in communion with the so-called heretics: they may after all be right. But Dr. Gore *knows* they can never be right, after whatever lapse of time.

**Shameless
Eugenics.**

The shamelessness of the Eugenists has lately exceeded all bounds. The open and unrebuked advocacy of artificial birth-control by Lord Dawson at the Anglican Church Congress at Birmingham has made many of them rush into print with ideas and proposals which in happier times would have landed them, very properly, in gaol. In the moral chaos which exists outside the Catholic Church—Lord Dawson, we grieve to say, has many supporters even amongst the Anglican clergy—there is too much fear that this criminal propaganda which fills the evening papers, pandering as it does to selfishness and sensuality, will cause a further great declension of morals, unless the Christian standpoint is frequently and fearlessly urged. Malthusianism, as is

well known, has got hold of the Ministry of Health, and the utmost vigilance will be necessary to secure the sanctity of the home and the rights of marriage from interference by State officials in the interests of its immoral methods. Already the diabolical proposal of "compulsory sterilization" has been made unblushingly in the *Evening Standard* by a prominent eugenicist, Professor Macbride, in an interview which exhibits contempt for the poor and disregard for the soul in an appalling degree. There is need of a clear and vigorous statement of the morality of this matter, suited for widespread distribution. As in the similar question of divorce the interests of the community itself, both material and social, are bound up with the observance of the moral law: there is no one to tell the community so but the Catholic Church. How ignorant even the educated public is may be seen in the following avowal by the wife of the Minister for Education. "What we do not know," writes Mrs. Fisher in the *Weekly Dispatch* for October 16th, "and what none but doctors can tell us with authority, is whether the practice of birth-control is good or bad." We do not think that doctors generally claim to be authorities on moral questions, but perhaps the lady means beneficial or hurtful in the physical sense: if so, she entirely misses the point; the practice of birth-control, whatever its physical effects, is a gross and grave offence against morality, a fact which all Christians should know.

**Starving
Russia.**

To refuse aid to a famine-stricken people because their Government is not to your liking is a practical repudiation of Christian charity.

The Allied Governments are taking no official steps to relieve the misery of the millions of Russians, appeals for whom sadden us in every paper, because the Soviet Government will not consent to some political or economic measures such as recognizing the debts of the Tzarist regime. They may have justice on their side, but it is a justice which is *summa injuria*. What have the myriads of starving folk to do with the action of the Bolsheviks? Is not the world sufficiently one for the appeal of dire want to brush aside all other considerations? On grounds of humanity alone immediate relief should be sent without seeking any consideration in return. There is abundance of goods here, if not in France, not marketable because of the breakdown of foreign trade, which the Government could ship to Russia and save the lives of thousands. America, which did so much for Austria, is now doing wonders for Russia, the Holy Father has given a million lire, Labour in England is bestirring itself, private charity organized by Dr. Nansen is active and generous, but the disaster is too colossal to be met except by the whole-hearted co-operation of the Great Powers.

THE EDITOR.

III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

Canon of St. Vincent of Lerin, The [*Tablet*, Oct. 8, 15, 1921].

Christ's Knowledge of His Divinity [V. McNabb, O.P., in *Blackfriars*, Oct., 1921, p. 387].

Missal, The Rubrics and Changes in the New [Rev. J. J. Murphy in *Ecclesiastical Review*, Oct., 1921, p. 373].

Suarez on the People as the Source of Civil Authority [E. Masterson, S.J., in *Irish Theological Quarterly*, Oct., 1921, p. 309].

CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

Anglican Modernists exposed [O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C.S.S.R., in *Universe*, Sept. 30, Oct. 7, 1921].

Bigotry in U.S.A., History of [Col. P. H. Callahan in *The Queen's Work*, Oct., 1921, p. 268].

Browning and the Catholic Church [A. Praza in *Blackfriars*, Oct., 1921, p. 417].

Gore, Dr., and the principle of Authority [O. R. Vassall-Phillips, in *Universe*, Oct. 21, 1921, p. 8].

Santayana's Philosophy, Defects in Professor [G. O'Neill, S.J., in *Studies*, Sept., 1921, p. 451].

POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

Birth-Control, Divorce, etc., condemned at the Second International Congress of Eugenics, N.Y. [J. J. Walsh in *America*, Oct. 15, 1921, p. 610].

Cinema, Need of "Cleansing" the [John Wiltbye in *America*, Oct. 15, 1921, p. 624].

Congresses of Catholics at home and abroad [*The Inter-University Magazine*, Oct. 1921].

Education controlled by millionaire trusts [*Fortnightly Review* (U.S.A.), Oct. 15, 1921, p. 365].

Ghosts and Haunted Houses: are they credible? [L. Rouse in *Etudes*, Oct. 28, 1921, p. 131].

Holy See: Growth of its prestige [Y. de la Brière in *Etudes*, Oct. 5, 1921, p. 91].

Italy, Catholic Organization in [J. P. Conry in *Catholic World*, Oct., 1921, p. 35].

Negro-Problem in the U.S.A., Catholics and the [W. M. Markoe, S.J., in *America*, Sept. 24, 1921, p. 535].

Socialism and Capitalism, Need of clear definitions [D. Goldstein in *America*, Oct. 15, 1921, p. 607].

Zionism criticized [E. J. Kissane in *Irish Theological Quarterly*, Oct., 1921, p. 377].

REVIEWS

I—FROM THE UNION TO THE FAMINE¹

AFTER having considered in a previous volume the economic history of Ireland in the eighteenth century, Mr. George O'Brien turns his attention to the nineteenth, and sets out, to use his own humorous simile, to describe the "post nuptial" career of Ireland, her history after her union with the predominant partner. We may say in brief that his long and sad book fully justifies the advice and prediction attributed to Dr. Johnson—"Don't unite with us, Sir: we should rob you." In his last paragraph he writes: "The insistence on identical treatment for Great Britain and Ireland after the Union had the consequence that, on every occasion on which the interests of the two countries were not identical, those of Great Britain prevailed." And, as he shows, the interests of the two countries were often widely divergent. Protective tariffs, for instance, which merely fettered the well-established and growing foreign commerce of England, were necessary for the nascent industries of Ireland, so that the policy of Free Trade proved a benefit to the one and practically destroyed the other. And in addition to these perhaps unforeseen and unintended results of what on the whole was an enlightened measure, the author points out that "from the time of the Union it was the deliberate policy of the British manufacturer to swamp the Irish market and to drive his Irish competitor out of business." Economically, both in regard to amount of capital and superiority of methods and processes, England was generations ahead of the sister nation, and thus even the linen trade, Ireland's chief industry, was greatly injured. But the most striking phenomenon during the first half century of the Union was the enormous increase of the population, in spite of its appalling state of destitution. At the beginning of the century the number of the inhabitants was reckoned at 5,000,000: in 1821 it was 6,801,827, in 1831, 7,767,401, and in 1841, 8,175,124, about half the population of England in the same

¹ *The Economic History of Ireland from the Union to the Famine.* By George O'Brien, Litt.D. London: Longmans. Pp. xii. 624. Price, 21s. net.

year. It continued to increase till the outbreak of the Famine in 1845, when death and emigration set to work to reduce it, so that in 1851 it had sunk to 6,552,385. It is customary to argue that the country was over-populated and that famine and emigration were in effect natural remedies for the improvidence of the people. Our eugenists, of course, denounce the folly and recklessness that could so fill the country with these unnecessary mouths. But the fault surely lay not in over-population but in under-development. The fallacies of Malthus had not in those days been exposed, whilst those of Adam Smith and the Manchester School were still more remote from refutation, and prevented the action of the State in promoting the development of the country's resources which would now be seen to be natural and necessary. Mr. O'Brien shows that the country was shockingly undeveloped, owing to the injustice of the system of land tenure which, outside Ulster, made the landlord the sole beneficiary of his tenants' improvements. It could have easily supported a much more numerous population if its resources had been available for its own inhabitants. Incidentally, he points out that the vaunted superiority of Protestant Ulster was not due to the inherent virtue of its inhabitants, still less to its creed, but to certain external and accidental causes.

We are familiar, from such books as Mr. and Mrs. Hammond's studies of English industrial and agricultural conditions during this period, with the fearful injustice and widespread sufferings caused to the wage-earners by the inhuman economic philosophy made so plausible by the genius of Adam Smith. All its evil effects were to be seen in an intensified degree in the poorer island. There, convinced by Malthus that poverty was caused by over-population, the landlords, who as a rule were conspicuous for a narrow and brutal selfishness, set about destroying the smallholders and establishing *latifundia*, instead of reclaiming and developing their arable land. Thus, amongst the survivors, the farmer became a cottier, the cottier a day-labourer, the labourer a mendicant or an exile. Yet, notwithstanding an inevitably high rate of infant mortality, the population increased phenomenally. We wish Mr. O'Brien had been able to study the phenomenon in the light of Mr. Pell's recent investigations¹ which seem to point to a natural law regulating fertility in direct proportion to the death-rate. There are features about

¹ *The Law of Births and Deaths* (1921).

the rapid increase in Ireland during this period which apparently contradict this conjectured law, for the birth-rate was quite out of proportion to the death-rate, heavy though that was.

Mr. O'Brien rather minimizes the amount and quality of works already in existence in regard to this period of Irish history. The facts he records are already fairly familiar to students. But the merit of his book consists, first in its thorough and systematic treatment of the subject, and secondly, in its reliance on first-hand sources and original authorities. He divides his matter into three parts, Agricultural Resources, Non-Agricultural Resources, Public Finance, and shows in detail, in regard to all three, the evils which afflicted the country,—the false economic theories, the absence of remedial measures, the positive misgovernment, the excessive and ill-adjusted burdens, the deterioration of the national character. He writes as an economist soberly and cautiously, never going beyond his authorities or making statements without adequate support, saying nothing of such subjects as religion, or education, as being beyond his scope. But the picture he presents does not need the arts of a rhetorician to enhance its effect: it is a damning indictment of the actual consequences of the Union, consequences which are operating to this day, and have their bearing on present discussions. He ends with the Famine, that terrible catastrophe, foreseen, foretold, yet not counteracted, which more than any other single episode has prevented the Union from being one of consent. It is to be hoped that in the final instalment of his history he will have to record the complete obliteration of past oppression and the inauguration of economic prosperity.

An admirable Index of over 35 pages makes reference to the contents easy.

2—THE RITUAL OF THE SACRAMENTS¹

DR. JAMES O'KANE'S *Notes on the Rubrics of the Roman Ritual* is a work which for more than half a century has been used and highly esteemed by the Catholic clergy in all countries of English speech. Seeing, however, that the latest revision carried out by the author himself dates

¹ *Notes on the Rubrics of the Roman Ritual.* By James O'Kane. Edited by the Most Rev. Thomas O'Doherty, Bishop of Clonfert. Duffy. 1921. Pp. xvi. 532. Price, 16s. net.

from 1872, the publishers have surely been well advised in recognizing the necessity of bringing this standard handbook up to date, and they have been fortunate in securing for this purpose the aid of so competent a rubrician as His Lordship the Bishop of Clonfert. In the last fifty years many important changes have come about. One has only to recall the provisions of the decree, *Ne temere*, the constitutions of Pius X. concerning his pronouncement upon daily Communion, the first Communion of children, the concessions made with regard to liquid food before reception in the case of chronic invalids, the issue of a new and substantially-modified edition of the *Rituale Romanum*, and finally the legislation incorporated in the new Codex of Canon Law, and it will at once be apparent how urgent has been the demand for a new edition of O'Kane in which due account should be taken of these and other alterations of practice. His Lordship's task cannot have been an easy one, and while we most heartily pay tribute to the thoroughness with which his revision has been carried out and the book rendered reliable both for the training of the *neo-sacerdos* and for consultation by the elderly priest, who feels bewildered by the many changes which have taken place since he was ordained, we are also inclined to regret that a more sweeping expurgation has not been effected in certain passages bearing on liturgical history, statistics and other similar matters. Most certainly these things are of relatively very small importance. Moreover, they nearly always rest on authorities which, like the Catechism of the Council of Trent, for example, or the great treatise of Martene, *De Antiquis Ecclesiæ Ritibus*, must undoubtedly command respect. But, to give an idea of the passages we have in mind, it seems a pity that on p. 78 statistics should be quoted regarding infant mortality which correspond to conditions which have now nearly everywhere passed away, or that on the question of overlaying children we should still be referred to reports issued in the middle of the last century. Again, we should have liked to see some attempt to clear up points of historical interest which O'Kane has neglected, for example, the clause, retained in the marriage service by the Irish *Rituale Parvum*, though now expunged from the English *Ordo Administrandi*, "if Holy Church will it permit," about which there was so much discussion a few years ago in the Usher case. We fancy that a larger use of synodal decrees of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, so many of which

the Irish Church has wonderfully preserved—we have of course nothing of the kind here in England—would have furnished matter of great interest to many patriotic readers, and some of the printed French *Ritualia* might also have been laid under contribution for further historical illustrations of the same kind. But these are, after all, very unimportant matters. The main point is that we have now a thoroughly reliable manual of instruction for the administration of the sacraments, so far, at least, as regards the practical details of the ritual, well indexed, well documented, and furnished, moreover, with a bibliography of literature likely to be useful to the student who desires further information on points of liturgical erudition.

SHORT NOTICES.

DEVOTIONAL.

AFTER the simple fashion of his Congregation, in homely yet vivid language, Father G. Bevilacqua of the Roman Oratory sets forth salutary Gospel truths in his volume of sermons, *La Luce nelle Tenebre* ("Vita e Pensiero": 12 lire), particularly the great central truth of Redemption. Without Christ, the world, even in its own secular affairs, is in darkness. Our Lord enlightens not only the individual but the community.

We are often told by converts the ever-fresh story of their conversion, illustrating always the unsearchable ways of God. Less often do converts tell us, as Madame H. Mink-Jullien does in *Appuyé sur l'Autel* (Téqui: 3.00 fr.), their first experiences inside the Fold. In this case the recital is full of interest, giving one an insight into the state of French society, where side by side with full and fervent belief, there exists the appalling insensibility to the spiritual which seems a mark of the apostate post-Christian mind.

A very complete little book of Eucharistic devotion, comprising not only the dogmatic and ascetical theology of the subject but a series of practical counsels and appropriate prayers, is entitled *Nos Devoirs envers la Sainte Eucharistic* (Lethielleux: 3.75 fr.), by Canon S. Febvre.

Eminently practical too in every sense is l'Abbé P. Feige's *Sanctions le Moment présent* (Téqui: 3.00 fr.). Holiness in the future is the aim of many devout souls: Father Feige shows them many ways of being holy here and now.

HISTORY.

In the second part of his great and most useful enterprise—the re-writing of ecclesiastical English History from the standpoint of one who accepts the divine institution and rights of the Catholic Church—Father Hull treats of the century and a quarter from the coming of the Normans till the death of Henry II., and calls his book *The Norman*

and Earlier Medieval Period (Herder: one rupee). We have already dwelt upon the necessity of this work, which in point of fact should have been done generations ago, in view of the energizing of a false historical tradition which ignores the true character of the Church and frequently mis-interprets her action, and has been one of the chief causes of the spread of heresy in this country. Father Hull, rightly impatient of the delay in developing this most important branch of apologetic, is retelling, single-handed and with but scanty access to original sources, the story of this inter-action between Church and State in English History. The present instalment deals mainly with the long fight waged by the Norman Kings to bring the Church, comparatively free in Anglo-Saxon times, more under their autocratic rule. The struggle which culminated under Becket is represented by Anglican historians as being Rome's aggression on the secular State instead of what it was in reality, the attempt of a new idea of kingship to encroach upon the already existing and recognized rights of the Church. This alone shows how important is Father Hull's treatise.

Father J. H. Pollen, S.J., in his essay upon *The Counter-Reformation in Scotland* (Sands: 3s. 6d. net) has made use of the ever-growing series of State documents which necessitate in many instances a fresh revision of historical judgments. Confining his survey mainly to the decade between 1585 and 1595 when the reaction against the "Reform" reached its greatest height, he gives a stirring picture of the closing days of Queen Mary and the early reign of her son, who afterwards succeeded Elizabeth, showing, with his expert knowledge of the period, how the Tudor persecutor managed to obstruct the faith even in the independent Kingdom of Scotland.

POETRY.

Mrs. Napier-Miles, in *Poems: Written in Sun and Shade* (B.O. & W.: 3s. 6d. net), has printed an unpretentious handful of her own happinesses and consoled sorrows. She is at her best in some verses on Mary Magdalen, which are very tuneful in their movement.

No angel-fearing critic dare attack Rose Magill Chase, *With all the Company of Heaven* (B.O. and W.: 2s. 6d. net), lest the Nine Choirs take up arms against the thrust of his pen. Words may fail her, metre lag and rhyme stumble, but the author climbs high places where no critic may follow, and makes up in illumination what is lacking in mere technique.

An Invasion of Fairy Land (Elkin Mathews: 7s. 6d.), by Alice Massy-Beresford, pleads in tuneful verse for the Germany of all the fairy tales, who has been captured by the Ogre of Prussianism. It is an unusual book with quaintly delicate illustrations in colour by Jeannie McConnell.

FICTION.

A certain air of *The Swiss Family Robinson* pervades the entertaining boys' story which Father H. S. Spalding, S.J., calls *Signals from the Bay Tree* (Benziger: \$1.50), and which has for scene the Everglades of Florida. But we are not overdosed with fauna or flora and there are plenty of adventures centring around a treasure-hunt which make the book exciting reading.

The Wine of Sorrow, by C. E. Bishop (Heath Cranton: 7s. 6d.), is, we think, Mrs. Bishop's most successful book. It is a story, and few

novelists, to-day, can or care to tell one. Its machinery is rather visible (we feel sure that Mrs. Sinclair will turn out to be *X*, and the monk *Y*, and so on—); the snake incident is rather difficult to accept; the snakes do so *exactly* what was asked of them—; and as for sensational moments, there are plenty! But with a book like this, we cannot quarrel. It is *meant* to be sensational, and Mrs. Bishop does it well. The gorgeous atmosphere of Egypt and India pervades the book; we feel it is real, and the studies of natives, especially Mrs. Sinclair's two servants, are at once touching and amusing. But if only someone could write a "pleasant" story about Anglo-Indian Society! We fancy Mrs. Florence Steele used to. But Kipling's earlier work has set the fashion, we suppose. Or, perhaps, it is just the truth! Anyhow, "Aunt Susan" is a delightful creation; her mixture of spirituality, common sense, and prejudice is charmingly given; we are so glad Mrs. Bishop has painted so lovable an Evangelical—even though she makes rather an astonishing number of people, in this book, become Catholics. The "problem" of the book centres in Fanny Brandon; and consists in the conflict between Grace and the psychological complex in the girl which inhibits its action. The girl is undoubtedly very impressionable, and her religious "experiences" would, by some, be called "mystical." Supernatural, they are indeed meant to be, but Mrs. Bishop abandons in this book the frankly preternatural, and very skilfully indeed reveals the history of a mind; sorrow first hinders, then helps it. The lighthouse-obsession is an audacious, yet accurately described *motif*. More work of this sort should be done. This element lifts an exciting, highly-coloured tale into what is very nearly a scientific document! It is worth studying, as well as enjoying!

MISCELLANEOUS.

A little book which deserves to be taken to our hearts has been issued at 6s. by the Cambridge University Press, viz., **A Manual of the Dutch Language**, by B. W. Davis and H. Latimer Jackson. Dutch—our nearest linguistic kinsman—should be taught so as to be loved; it is capable of such treatment and merits it. In 142 pages you are given scholarly sketches of the history of Holland, of its language and its literature, with a skeleton grammar condensed into ten pages. Well-chosen extracts in prose and verse fill 63 pages and a glossary completes the total. If the student has a vocation for Dutch—there should be many such in England—he will do the rest. Few who have mastered the first elements and have heard the language spoken by an accomplished performer, can fail to fall in love with it: it is far more tuneful than it looks and rewards our efforts with a rich literature. An appetizing manual such as this will gain many recruits to Dutch scholarship. To Catholics Holland makes a special appeal as from Vondel (1587—1679)—the Shakespeare and Milton of the Netherlands all in one—downwards, our co-religionists are well represented and, several of them, duly commemorated as such in this dainty hand-book.

To me it does not seem quite correct to say that initial "w" is pronounced as "v": to my ear there is a distinct shade of difference; nor would I say that "sj" is like "sh" in "wash." Again "ablaut series" (p. 32) conveys no sense to my unenlightened intelligence. But these are minor matters. Dutch lovers should all be grateful to the authors.

One of the most stimulating books which the present extraordinary condition of Europe has inspired is Mr. Robert Sencourt's **Purse and Politics** (Allen and Unwin: 7s. 6d. net), a title which conceals certain reflections from a mind of wide culture and balanced judgment on the War and the Peace. In the main they develop the old contention that in defeating the Prussian we have run the risk of assimilating his methods and his ideals. Certainly the apotheosis of the State has received an immense stimulus by the war: bureaucracy, which the author rightly regards as a species of Socialism, itself only Prussianism in another guise, has fastened on the nation its innumerable tentacles and is bleeding it to death by excessive taxation and strangling it by excessive legislation. We cannot say whether Mr. Sencourt is a safe guide through the jungle of economics: so-called experts are too widely at variance for the layman to be didactic. But his principles are sound, for they are those of Christianity, and to Christianity, its sanity, liberty and justice, the world must turn to escape destruction.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

It is well known that small pamphlets have little chance of sale in public bookstalls. They are easily overlooked and easily soiled. It was therefore a wise thought of the C.T.S. to issue bound collections of their pamphlets for distribution in this way—not exactly a new thought, for, from the start, bound volumes of their Collected Publications have been sold and now form valuable sections of many libraries, and the practice of binding together pamphlets on the same subject has also been common. But in **The Catholic Reason Why** series, of which five numbers have now been issued at 1s. net each, the grouping is not by subject, but each volume contains five pamphlets on different topics of interest, together with a copy of the C.T.S. catalogue. Thus displayed, Catholic Truth has a much better chance of reaching the non-Catholic public than if distribution were confined to the cases at Church doors which comparatively few non-Catholics see.

A little pamphlet in the smaller format which, mistakenly as it seems to us is priced at 2d., gives some details, too few for so important a congregation, about the **Institute of the Good Shepherd**. It was surely worthy of a fuller account corresponding to the other numbers of the series on Religious Orders.

The Tercentenary of St. John Berchmans which occurred this year gives especial importance to the new **Life of the Saint** which Fr. Martindale, the interpreter to modern minds of the sanctity of St. Aloysius, has written in preparation for his feast on November 26th (C.T.S.: 2d.).

The little book called **Hints on Meditation** (B.O. & W.: 2s. net), which Father Hoare has written for the benefit of beginners and for those who for one reason or another find mental prayer difficult, is based upon traditional Catholic teaching, and shows that the exercise properly undertaken is as easy as it is beneficial.

Benziger's **Catholic Home Annual for 1922** gives for 35 cents a variety of useful information, together with a collection of stories and articles profusely illustrated.

Our annual welcome must be extended to the **Catholic Diary** published at 2s. and 4s. by Messrs. Burns, Oates and Washbourne, the

1922 issue of which combines with the usual skill information that helps us as regards both this life and the next.

Catholics who deserve the name because of their zeal for every portion of God's Kingdom on earth, will find the current **Inter-University Magazine** (B.O. & W.: 1s.) full of the highest interest, for it details the active energizing of the Faith in Congresses of all sorts both at home and abroad.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

- ALLEN & UNWIN, London.
Purse and Politics. By R. Sencourt.
 Pp. 250. Price, 7s. 6d. net.
- BENZIGER BROS., New York.
Signals from the Bay Tree. By H. S. Spalding. Pp. 208. Price, \$1.50 net. *Catholic Home Annual* for 1922. Price, 35 cents.
- BEYAERT, Bruges [Herder, London].
Evangeliorum secundum Mattheum Marcum et Lucam Synopsis. By A. Camerlynck. 3rd edit. Pp. lxxxviii. 206. Price, 12.00 fr.
- BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE, London.
Poems. By E. Napier Miles. Pp. 48. Price, 2s. 6d. *With all the Company of Heaven.* By R. M. Chase. Pp. 64. Price, 2s. 6d. net. *A Doctrine of Hope.* Adapted from Bishop Bonomelli. Pp. 157. Price, 3s. 6d. net.
- CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.
A Manual of the Dutch Language. By B. W. Downs and H. L. Jackson. Pp. viii. 143. Price, 6s.
- CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London.
"The Catholic's Reason Why" series. Five volumes of collected pamphlets. Price, 1s. net each.
- ELKIN MATHEWS, London.
An Invasion of Fairyland. By A. E. Massy - Beresford. Illustrated. Pp. 26. Price, 7s. 6d.
- HERDER, London.
The Norman and Earlier Mediæval Period. By E. R. Hull. Pp. 140. Price, One Rupee.
- LETHIELLEUX, Paris.
Nos Devoirs envers la Sainte Eucharistie. By Canon S. Febvre. Pp. 400. Price, 3.75 fr.
- LONGMANS, London.
Who are the Members of the Church? By Darwell Stone, DD., and F. W. Fuller, M.A. Pp. 88. Price, 2s. 6d. net.
- ST. WILLIAM'S PRESS, Market Weighton.
Hints on Meditation. By Rev. E. Hoare. Pp. viii. 100. Price, 2s. net.
- SANDS & CO., London.
The Counter-Reformation in Scotland. By J. H. Pollen, S.J. Pp. viii. 79. Price, 3s. 6d. net.
- S.P.C.K., London.
The Resurrection of the Flesh. By J. T. Darragh, D.D. Pp. xi. 324. Price, 18s. net. *The Latin and Irish Lives of Ciaran.* By R. A. S. Macalister. Pp. 190. Price, 10s. net. *Twenty-Five Consecration Prayers.* Edited by Arthur Linton. Pp. xiv. 145. Price, 7s. 6d. net. *Practical Plain-Song.* By J. B. Croft. Pp. 76. Price, 2s. 6d. net. *Saint Nicholas.* Price, 6d. *A History of Sinai.* By Lina Eckenstein. Pp. xiii. 202. Price, 8s. 6d. net.
- TÉQUI, Paris.
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